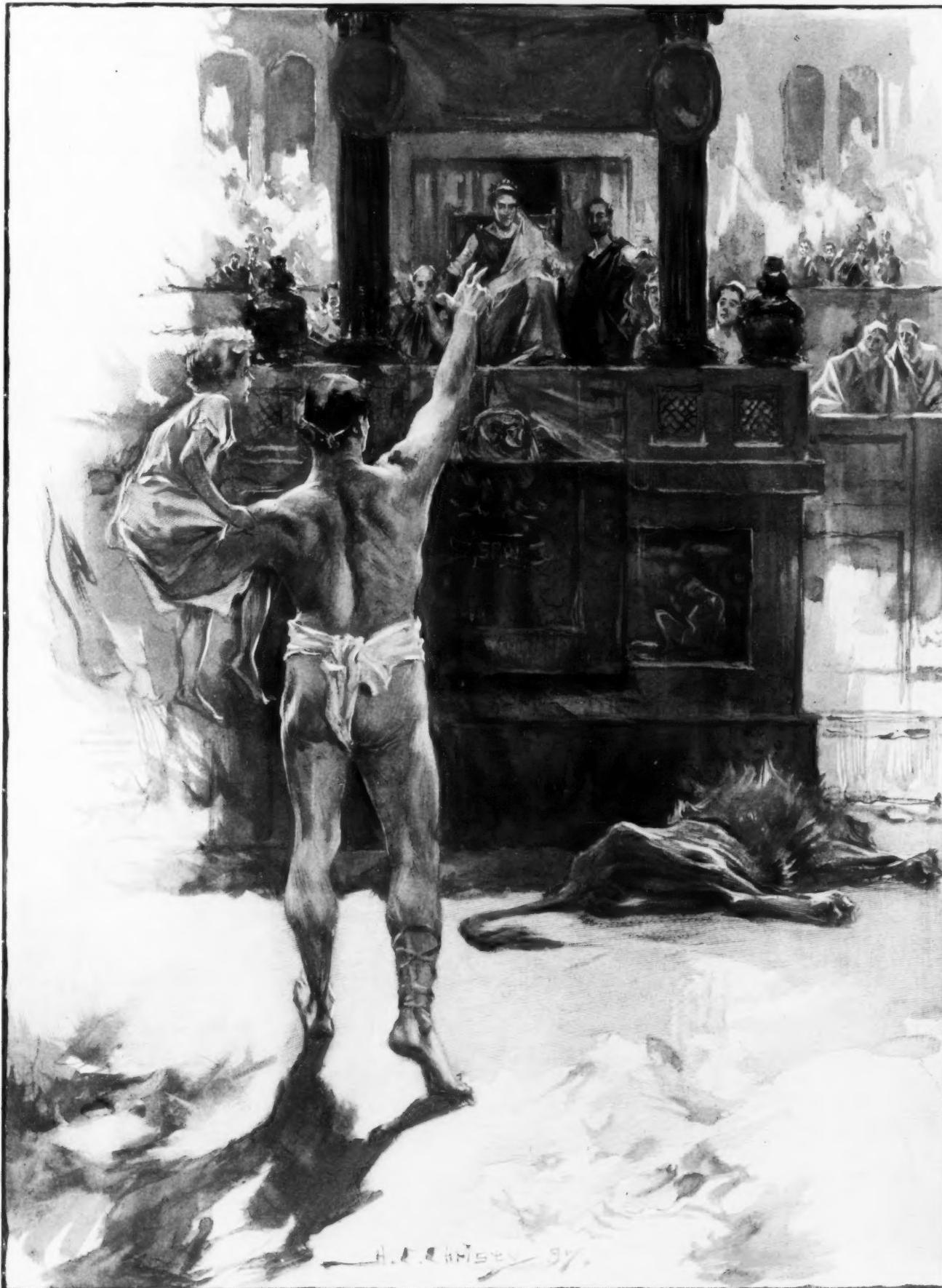


# LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

VOL. LXXXV.—No. 2206.  
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 23, 1897

PRICE, 25 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS \$1.00.  
Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post-office.



"Holding the boy high on his left arm, Gyonax strode in front of the imperial box."

## AN ECHO OF THE PURPLE.

By JOHN J. A. BECKET.

**A**LL Rome had flocked to the Amphitheatre. The cordon of humanity which formed a dark border, like a band of mourning, to the huge yellow ellipse, seethed with prickling excitement. Gyonax, the Thracian, fine flower of the gladiatorial cohort and idol of the populace, was to meet death that day on the hot sand, from which his prowess had hitherto plucked only victories.

There was a flout in this to the countless plebeians for whom the *panes et Circuses* were the spice of life. It was rank injustice to pit a gladiator who had proved equal to great odds against a force that would overwhelm any one man.

The rumor ran that he was to be slaughtered because he was a Christian! Poor cause, forsooth. *Edepol!* One Christian more counted little, but one such gladiator less was far too much. Imperial policy should have shut its eye, not

in clemency to Gyonax, but in consideration for the Roman people. Lusting for the blood-steeped thrills of the Amphitheatre, they brooked it ill to feed their arch-purveyor to a famished beast.

Some one in power had insisted on the Thracian's death. Not the emperor. It was the sixth week of Marcus Aurelius's absence in a distant province. His stately consort was lending her splendid presence to the imperial box in perfunctory

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sanction of the empire's blotting-out of a gladiator who had dared antagonize the state.

Such was the leaven of crude resentment that fermented the Roman masses. Patricians of the court circle regarded one another askance, looking what it behooved them not to utter. This stalwart Thracian was one to fire a woman's heart. Lowly born, a barbarian, whose single boast was marvelous skill at arms and superhuman strength, he was instinct with that refinement Nature gives her own. No statue of Hellas had more exquisite proportions, and the severe, clear beauty of a god shone in his visage.

"By Jove! if I were Hercules I would rather hold Omphale's distaff than be a meal for beasts," murmured a senator in the ear of a poet dear to the court.

"*Mehercle*, yes," sneered the other. "And Hercules was no *filius terrae*, while Omphale was not wife of an emp—"

A quick, warning glance checked the daring speech. Even the soft air was traitorous.

And what was passing in the heart and brain of the imperial mistress of the world? She had never looked the empress more than now, as she reclined in languid disdain on her golden couch. Her snow-white tunica, of woof diaphanously fine, lay beneath voluminous folds of a palla of palest amethystine hue, as if even the imperial purple must not bear heavily on her cherished body. Around her throat was clasped a broad necklace, from which depended scores of perfect, pearl-shaped pearls. Even in the blue shadow of the *siparum* stretched above the box the bandeaux of her hair gleamed like burnished metal. In the cold, contained face, which art had stained with the hues of lily and of rose, gleamed the velvety softness of her eyes, twin fires which nature fed. They were fixed on that marvel of manhood in the arena, awaiting—what? The empress knew—not he.

For in her husband's absence she had not only decreed the death of Gyonax; she had arranged its every detail. The gladiator knew he was there to die for the crime of Christianity, but the manner of his undoing had in nowise been made known to him. Nor did he care. It was enough that through allegiance to his real Captain he was about to cast off the garment of his glorious flesh. His noble face betrayed no emotion. His one weapon of defense was a short two-edged sword.

The spectacle opened well. The first animal sent forth was an enormous wild boar. Despite the ferocity of the creature, its porcine suggestiveness made it seem a burlesque appetizer for worthier things to come. If the exit of Gyonax was not fitly marked, then 'twas a twofold flout for the people. As it was, the upper tiers, packed with the lowest grades of the Roman world, were stirred to derisive but complacent merriment. The bristling boar was an artistically devised touch.

But the fierce marauder of the woods, charged with savage wrath, had no mean opinion of himself nor fear of the imposing man rooted there to be gored to death by his savage tusks. Gyonax stood like a stone, his eye steadily fixed on the piggish brute, in its shambling rush towards him. Then, one quick step aside, a flashing arc of light, and his sword fell like a thunderbolt on the boar's thick neck, just back of the ears. With head half-sundered from its sloping shoulders, the creature stumbled forward in a heap, gave one or two spasmodic twitches and died.

The people settled back in easy content. That Gyonax should kill the boar was of course, but a superb touch in his manner of doing it was also to be looked for. Fitter things than this must have been decreed for his mighty arm. With keen delight they saw the sword taken from him and its place supplied by a short dagger, the blade scarce six inches in length, while the polished haft hardly permitted his brawny hand to grasp it.

Every eye was riveted on the low, dark gates of iron through which the beasts were let into the arena. What would be pitted against a man, overpowering indeed, but with only a plaything of steel in his hand that a Roman matron would have used without a thought upon a blundering slave?

The thin, strident creak of the gate keyed the throng to greater tension. As the impeding bars were lifted, a magnificent African lion slipped swiftly forth and stopped suddenly, blinking in the dazzling glare of sunlight. The multitude applauded this seemly contestant, lashing the sand with his twitching tail, his great head lifted as he waited till his yellow eyes should focus into vision. For ten days the brute had been deprived of food. Just before they had thrust him forth from his dark, cramped cage into the wide stretch of the arena a calf had been slaughtered in front of him, that the reek of its blood mightadden him by its smoking pungency.

Lashing his gaunt sides with sullen fury, the lion suddenly raised his head and uttered a roar. He had despatched Gyonax standing there with the bit of steel twinkling in his vise-like grasp. With another rending roar he bounded towards the gladiator, his ribs defined against his tawny hide as he stretched his body in eagerness for his prey. Ah, this was sport for Romans!

He was within a few yards of the gladiator. The vast throng craned forward as one man. Even the empress sat half-erect, absorbing the spectacle with straining eyes.

Gyonax was bent like a runner awaiting the signal to start, his left leg advanced, his right hand clutching the dagger close to his thigh. A muffled "Ah!" broke from the crowd. The lion had made his spring.

As the beast launched himself in the air, quick as thought the gigantic gladiator fell upon his right knee, the corded right arm drove upward and was held firm as iron, as he crouched low. It was his one chance. Yet the dagger, even if not dashed from his fingers, might glance fruitlessly from a bone.

But the thrust was a goodly one. By its own tremendous impetus the lion was carried onward while the stiff point of steel ripped open its belly. Almost before the spectators realized it the Thracian had risen and stood erect beside the stricken beast at his side, whose life was going out in ever-shortening gasps. Rome howled its *Euges!* of satisfaction. No matter what their hope, the odds had been in favor of the lion; yet Gyonax had won.

There was a moment of contented relaxation. The victorious gladiator had drawn one long, deep breath, as his face resumed its dignified, masterful repose.

This was a gala-day, indeed. One excitement trod upon the heels of another. A low, strange murmur, different in character from any which the throng had yet breathed, rose from the long rows. What was happening? What novel surprise had a subtle brain invented now? Was the Thracian to have something sprung upon him without an instant's warning—with not a moment of preparation? The thought may have occurred to the stalwart victim, for with instinctive alertness he swept the arena with a searching glance. A groan that seemed to rend his soul burst from the heroic warrior, who up to this had shown no more emotion than the oldest of the Vestals.

Running with short, eager steps over the sand was a smiling boy, some eight years old. His fair hair blew back from his smooth temples, while his one loose garment, girt in at the waist, floated behind him as he sped fearlessly towards Gyonax. It was his only child, who, singularly delicate offspring of a Herculean sire, had inherited his father's soul.

The gladiator ran towards the boy to snatch him to the safety of his sheltering arms. He had dropped his dagger at the feet of the dying lion. Unmindful of the myriad eyes that amusedly looked upon this droll phase of the man of iron, Gyonax pressed the child with a mother's tenderness to his swelling chest, kissing again and again the young cheek, lightly, reverently, his stern, dark face against that childish fair one. What hell-born cruelty had sent this innocent into that baleful arena, with its marks of conflict, its stench of death? Could no lesser devilishness placate even the goading pride of an outraged empress?

What could he do? To whom appeal? To the Vestals, capricious arbiters of life or death in the arena? No! To her, the empress; to her, a mother; to her—who had not scorned to let him know her love. Holding the boy high on his left arm, Gyonax strode in front of the imperial box. With a melodious voice, his lustrous eyes raised to her with pathetic dignity and entreaty, he said: "Will not the empress of the world grant to the lowest of her subjects, soon to die to give her pleasure, that this, my little boy, may be removed from here? He is weakly. He will never have my strength, yet will he be the one earthly joy of his mother's heart when Gyonax is dead."

His gaze, with all his great soul's force in the pleading eyes, was bent unwaveringly upon the set face above him. Yet in his intense simplicity, his last appeal was ill-advised. What cared she, wife of an emperor and sharer of his throne, for a gladiator's vulgar mate, or their puny offspring? A moment, with unbending mien, she endured that tender, virile pleading of his eyes while his mellow tones vibrated in her ears. Then she turned her superbly poised head indolently, while the silver gleam leaping from pearl to pearl of her necklace made it seem a white serpent pulsing in amorous iridescence over the throbbing throat to which it clung. She spoke a few careless words to the official, bent low to catch them; then brought the quivering, leaping light in her eyes to bear once more on the strong suppliant.

The official said: "The divine empress deigns to grant you this choice. You shall keep the boy and meet what may be sent against you with a dagger for your defense. Or, the boy shall be removed, but you meet the beasts with nothing but your naked hands. Her divinity waits to hear what Gyonax will choose."

"Remove the boy and I will meet in any fashion whatever may be sent against me," replied the gladiator, eagerly, without an instant's hesitation.

"Then take him to the exit and I will send word that they release him," commanded the official.

Gyonax bowed low before the empress, and as he raised his head a look of gratitude flashed from his soulful eyes to her half-veiled ones. With free, firm steps he traversed the arena, breathing into his son's ear last messages of love for him and his mother. The little fellow's arms were clasped about his father's massive neck; he could not take his wistful eyes from the compelling sweetness of his father's face. But he choked back his sobs manfully. With pitiful awe he pressed his young lips to Gyonax's mouth, softened now by an ineffably winning smile. The soldier at the gate took him briskly, the barrier clanged, and the doomed gladiator was shut in once more, alone.

Calmly the Christian walked back to his post. With simple dignity he surrendered his dagger, and waited. For the third time the discordant *grille* sounded on the sultry air. A gaunt panther, jet black, slouched swiftly forth. She, too, had been starved to emaciation, but her huge frame and quivering ferocity made her more terrible to look upon than the lion. The moment she saw her victim she began to approach him, her belly almost rubbing the sand, so crouchingly did she prepare, even from the start, for her spring.

The multitude excitedly glanced from beast to man. Quick conjectures were uttered as to the issue. Would he rend her limbs asunder? Thrust his arm down her hot gullet? Or grapple with the supple-jointed thing, force her upon her back and crush her ribs with the pressure of his knees? To look at Gyonax made any of these things seem possible.

After one glance at the panther when she first appeared, the gladiator had drawn himself to his full height, as if the instincts of a fighter were keying him up to this desperate disparity of conflict. Then he raised his eyes to the pure sky and forgot her. But that other panther, white, superb and palpitant with fierce emotions, couched on her throne of gold? Had she slipped his mind?

To the bewilderment of the breathless thousands who had anticipated every move but this, with that same uplifted gaze of rapt intensity, he sank upon his knees, stretching out his arms laterally.

The panther slipped swiftly on, like a short, thick snake, her supple form writhing with intensifying passion towards that motionless figure. She is near him now. A stifling stillness falls on the quick-breathing spectators. She bunches herself. Her claws grip the yellow sand. For one tense moment she gathers her force. Ah! She has hurled herself upon him, her claws shooting from their sheaths, her white teeth flashing in her horrible bared gums.

The gladiator went down like a child before that terrific onset, his arms still firmly outstretched. Gripping with teeth

and claws, she settled on his rugged chest, glutting her furious thirst, like vampire, on the draught from a martyr's veins.

"Like flower made harvest to a maiden's thumb," yawned the poet, quoting Maro, satirically.

That other panther, softly swathed in royal folds and fine linen, had not moved once her fascinated eyes from the spectacle. But a hand-screen of bird's plumage was shattered under the pressure of her tapering fingers, and the dim violet of her veins deepened into purple beneath her transparent skin. The people rose, stretched themselves and strolled out, well satisfied. The games were over. They had lost Gyonax. But, unwitting they, Christ had gained a saint and an empress her revenge.

After the sun had set on the vast, empty Amphitheatre that evening, small groups of men, women and children stole as secretly as if they were thieves down into a dim, hushed crypt of the catacombs. There they approached with humble exaltation the body of a stalwart man stretched in front of the altar. A clean linen sheet covered the great form, except the face. What a startling look of peace it wore! At break of day the Christian mysteries would be offered over the relics of this newest-born of the saints.

All who drew near the bier kneeled and humbly kissed the great hands at rest forever. Then, modestly laying back the snowy sheet, they touched the red gashes scoring the broad chest with their kerchiefs, that they might be stained with the hallowed blood.

Only one or two beside a priest and deacon were in that sacred burrow in the earth when a woman, whose supple elegance was not concealed by the black garment which swathed her entire form and was brought well forward over her head, slowly advanced. She drew back the linen covering and stood regarding the exquisite clay. There was something quelling in that majesty of death.

The whole frame of the woman rippled with sudden emotion. Impulsively she bent and pressed her mouth in one burning kiss on a deep furrow above the still heart. Then she raised herself with a tremulous inhalation, and drew her lips, the upper then the nether, in upon her tongue and sucked them clean. It was the same blood that had slaked the panther's rabid thirst that afternoon in the arena.

In that moment something befell the woman more momentous than the overthrow of an empire, more divine than the creation of a world. Quicker than the lightning's flash, and infinitely more illuminating, it swept her to a height of knowledge of which she had never dreamed.

The virginal impulse of her regenerate being was to press her handkerchief to that savage furrow above the heart. She withdrew it, a stripe of blood marking its dainty texture, glorious memento of one become kinsman of her soul. Drawing her cloak about her form and face, she tremblingly withdrew from the crypt. Sweet, scalding tears were streaming down her cheeks; tears such as never before had coursed over the painted face of the empress.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years after the panther had drained the life-blood of Gyonax the Thracian in the Roman Amphitheatre, the sun was sinking behind the rugged marge of a region of Cappadocia, near Mount Taurus. A spot of awful barrenness, with its chaos of gaunt rocks, sterile earth, and sparse, stunted growths. The sky was the only touch of pure, beautiful color in the scene.

A damp, gloomy cave, with floor of rock, opened above a spring which bubbled up in icily cool freshness, bedewing with its moisture the cresses that greenly veneered its sides. A narrow ledge in the cave offered natural support for a rude wooden cross, a vellum roll of the New Testament in Greek, and a worn, white kerchief on which, like a Rubric, was a dim bar of red. On a scroll fastened to a crevice in the rock, were printed in artless characters names of dead Christians, men and women. The first was that of Gyonax.

On some dried boughs, thinly strewn on the floor of the cave, sat a gaunt woman, propped against the humid wall of rock, her glazing eyes turned towards the west. The heavens were a vault of gold against which the savage earth was more pitilessly relieved.

The woman's face was drawn and white. Only in her dim, expectant, patient eyes was there trace of beauty. She was clothed in a rough robe of brown woolen, bound at her slender waist with a knotted rope. Her hair, a dull-bronze mass, fell unkempt about her thin shoulders.

Every moment the fluttering breath seemed to have ceased, as she lay there alone, neglected, hoping, her eyes fastened on the golden heaven. At last, with supreme effort the haggard lips whispered faintly, word by word:

"Saint—Gyonax—pray—for—me!"

It was the hour when, in kindlier spots of the earth, fragrant blossoms of garden and of forest are kissed "good-night" by the twilight breeze and sink gratefully into dewy slumber. In that same hour, after unmurmuring waiting, with the name of one who had died for Christ upon her lips, so long ago sanctified by the touch of his blood, she who had been consort of a Caesar, "slept in the Lord."

The burning glory of the sky waned through tones of fading gold into the purest blue. The chill, sad moon, soaring in lonely splendor, poised in brooding awe above the still form. Silence embraced silence, and the silver light that touched the waste was as the finger of night pressed upon the lips of earth. Before the woman had sunk into the slumber of those dear to God the stark solitude was a drain upon the heart. Now, from that outworn "temple of the Holy Ghost" some balmy inhalation chastened the mordant rancor of the bitter desert into a mysterious solace of enfolding peace.

A little, and round the jagged edge of rocks loomed in jet-black silhouette athwart the milky azure of the sky a velvet-footed thing, weird incarnation, as it were, of that brutal fastness. It stood a moment, without the flicker of an eyelid, then, with measured, plastic tread, stalked to where the woman lay. Again it paused; the head sank, and the long, rough tongue slowly licked, twice or thrice, the upturned palm of the wasted hand.

Then, with the same grave, soundless tread, the panther passed into the night. Faustina was alone with God.

## THE BABE OF BAUTISTA.

BY JEROME CASE BULL.

## I.

VER all the valley of the San Juan had fallen the peculiar stillness that precedes the coming of the rains. The wind-clouds that for days had streaked the smoky sky and blown the air full of soft, dry dust had drifted away to the south, and now from beyond the Diablo range a mass of dull, ragged cloud that was neither wind nor smoke was creeping up and darkening the haze over the foot-hills. Though it was still early in the day, the cattle from the hills closed into great bands in the fields below the mission, and the brood mares of the *mañadas* gathered about their leaders with heads high and nostrils extended. The heavy air, lifeless but for the faint feeling it gave of the coming rain, impressed its stillness on all living things.

Brother Estevan, hurrying into the foot-hills of the Gavilan which shut in the valley of the San Juan to the south and east, felt the hush over the land and moved noiselessly. His long habit of brown gunny blended so well with the parched grass of the hillside about him that, except when a cluster of green manzanita fell as a background, his moving figure was not distinguishable a hundred yards away. He had followed the trail from the mission for a league or more, when he turned from it abruptly where no trail led off, half circled a clump of low-lying oaks, passed over the crest of a smooth, round hill, and came well up into a cañon, thick with brush and red with madroña trees. Below him, at the mouth of the cañon, he could just distinguish through the haze the straggling mud huts of an Indian rancheria. Though he had labored there long for converts to the faith, he gave it not a passing thought, and so intent was he on reaching the head of the cañon that he pushed through the brush with little regard for quiet. Finally he came to a cluster of tall trees surrounded by a thicket of wild vines and a tangle of poison oak, and from the centre of which a spring flowed. He found a way through the thicket to the grove of trees and the water and began his work.

It was no usual labor that Brother Estevan had set for himself, here in the silence of the forest, nor was it a task to be easily or quickly done. He had chosen the spot for its accomplishment with great care, and he worked with the utmost secrecy. Except that the padre might discover his work, and through it learn what Estevan wished most to keep from him, he had little fear of detection, though, for many reasons, it would be well, he knew, to guard the knowledge of his labors from the natives. As a precaution against discovery from this quarter, he never passed through the rancheria to the cañon, but reached the spot by a long circuitous route. So far as he knew he had been successful in keeping the knowledge of his labor absolutely to himself. Sounds in the brush near him often startled him at his work, but he never discovered cause for alarm, and in time, as the work progressed and he became wholly absorbed in it, he entirely forgot his surroundings, himself, and all the world. Then many a twig snapped that he did not hear, and often eyes that he did not see watched him stealthily.

Such eyes were waiting for him in the thicket now as he pushed by them to unbury his work from beneath a pile of dried fern leaves in the stump of a great tree, where it lay securely hidden. The tree had been cut close to the ground, and Estevan used the stump as a bench. He stopped at first to look about him when a bird called or a branch broke, but soon the noises of nature failed to disturb him. Now and then he paused, and a light brightened his face as though he were well pleased.

An hour passed. The eyes in the thicket watched steadily. No movement of his hand, no expression of his face, no quiver of his lips, were lost to them. When he stepped back from his work and his face brightened, almost did the breath that gave life to the gaze cease. Still he was unconscious of all about him. A deer came to the spring and drank; a cottontail leaped lazily in and out of the brush, and a flock of quail whirred here and there through the trees.

He was called from his labors by a low, distant rumbling. The sky above grew suddenly dark and drops of rain fell. The oppressive stillness in the air that had marked the coming storm gave place to cool, damp wind, and the air was filled with the ominous motion of dried leaves rustling to the ground and the breaking of dead twigs. Estevan listened for a moment to the signs of the coming storm, then reluctantly hid away his work and left the cañon.

And now the watcher crept into the circle of trees about the spring and, hurrying to the stump, brought the priest's treasure to light again. Unwrapping the piece of an old habit from about it, she beheld a nearly completed image of the Christ-Child. Though she had watched Estevan at his work almost from the first, had seen him cut the madroña bough from which it was made, she had never held the work in her hands, had never come closer to it than the hedge from which she watched. As she saw the beautiful Bambino and touched its smooth, skin-like surface, she trembled and a great fear took possession of her. In her imagination, the child lived. It was the Babe of Estevan's teachings—the Babe he had told her would come at the Christmas-time to bring peace and happiness to all who loved Him and believed in His name. She thought of her wretched life at the rancheria, of the Indian chief to whom she belonged, of her own babes, dead by his blows while they were still in her arms; and then again, as a balm to her misery, came the words of Brother Estevan's story of the peace and plenty, happiness and love in life that came through Him, this little Babe. She was the woman primeval; hers the Indian mind as the padres found it. Simple, untutored, believing, it had accepted the figurative teachings of Christianity as a child would. She had hung breathless on the priest's words as now and again he spoke to her people and told them the story of the Nativity, never comprehending in the faintest its meaning, but hearing, feeling, seeing only the gladness and the hope that his words promised even her. As she

held the little wooden Child of Hope dumbly before her and thought of the joy He was to bring into the world with him at Christmas, the knowledge of a child soon to be born to her—a child that would bring only misery into the world and die as the others had—flashed through her troubled mind. It was raining fast and growing dark, but she sat down by the stump, and, laying the little image in her lap, looked long and lovingly upon it. Suddenly, as though the spirit of new life had come to her, she rose, wrapped the torn habit about the brother's beautiful work and buried it carefully as she had found it, saying aloud again and again as she hovered above it:

"He shall come to mine; He shall come to mine."

## II.

The rain came on rapidly. Dull, gray clouds, like great waves, rolled down from the Diablo range and trailed out over the land. Before them great masses of hot, powdery dust whirled into the air; beneath them the parched grasses stirred expectantly, and in their wake came the welcome tread of the down-pouring rain. Quickly the mountains faded away—distance, space, outline, was annihilated as in a fog, and in a moment all the valley lay beneath a great sponge of cloud, and the rain fell in torrents. At sunset only a memory of the light brightened the west, and a black night shut quickly down over the land.

Nowhere in the valley was the darkness so impenetrable as at the mouth of the cañon of the madroñas. The dozen low mud huts of the Indian rancheria that sprawled in the open there gave no outlines. No visible paths led to them, no trees marked their site, no lights burned within; they were an indefinite part of the darkness, and a stranger became aware of them only when their dripping walls impeded his way.

The woman who came down the cañon an hour after dark had no difficulty, however, in finding the hut she sought, for to her feet every stone on the hillside marked the way. Though the noise of the falling rain destroyed all other sound, she moved cautiously by the outer huts of the village and stopped at the low door of the centre adobe. A dull light flickered through a seam in the hide covering over the entrance. Within she could see the smouldering fire, and before it, sitting straight and still, the half-naked figure of an Indian. She stood by the door to breathe a moment, then lifted the hide covering, crept noiselessly across the room, and slunk down by the fire near him. She was wet and muddy. The scant cloth of her single garment was shrunk and torn and stuck close to her body; her coarse, black hair hung disheveled about her face, and water dripped from its long braids. She was quite unconscious of her physical condition and made no move to dry herself, but sat as rigid as the sullen figure before her.

Many minutes passed before he turned his face from the fire to look at her or speak; when he did, a cruel light shone from his eyes and his voice was guttural and threatening.

"There is much work at the mission now," he grunted, staring at her fixedly; "all day, all night—always."

She gave no sign that she heard. He drew closer and bent towards her; there were cruel wrinkles at the corners of his long eyes and a fiendish expression on his dark face.

"For whom do you work?" he sneered.

Still the woman did not speak. She looked at him fearlessly and pointed upward with her finger—it was the motion of the padres.

The look, the gesture, maddened him, and like a beast of prey he sprang upon her and dragged her to her feet before him.

"No," he shouted. "It is not so! I know! I see! You work not for the mission, not for the padre, not for the—" he waved his hand indefinitely above his head, unable, unwilling, to speak the name of her God. "I know! I see! I follow you into the cañon. I see you watch. I know for whom you work—and how."

The woman trembled, but only with the shaking fury of the arm that held her. In a moment he loosened his hold upon her.

Against one of the mud walls of the hut stood a flat board with straps of hide twisted and tangled at its side—an Indian cradle. His eyes fixed upon it as he spoke his last word; now he bounded to it, caught it up and held it out at the length of his long arms towards her.

"See! See!" he called, "it is empty! Where is my child? Dead! And the other? Dead! And the other? Dead! They did not live. Your milk was the poison water of the mission; a curse is upon you. It is the priest, Estevan—Estevan."

The blow he struck stunned her and filled her eye with blood.

When she could see again he was gone.

## III.

AT the right of the altar in the chapel of the Mission San Juan Bautista there stood a group of carved figures representing the Nativity. The images had been sent to the mission from an old church in Peru. They had come overland from San Blas on the backs of mules, and had been many weeks on the journey. When the padre at Bautista opened the treasured parcels, unloosening with his own hands the tough hide ropes that bound them, he found that the image of the Christ-Child, the sacred Bambino, was missing. The mule-drivers who came with the presents from Mexico knew only that the parcels had been brought without accident, and that they had delivered them as they were delivered to them.

Was it a bad omen, that of all the figures the Holy Babe should be the lost one? The padre thought so. He knew, too, that it would be a long time before the missing Bambino could be found, if it were possible ever to find it, and he bemoaned the mission's loss bitterly.

It was at this time that Brother Estevan arrived at Bautista. He came from Spain by way of Mexico. The Padre

Serra, who sent him from San Carlos, said only that he was a skilled hand with tools, and would be of aid in the finishing of Bautista. How skilled his hand, to what extent an aid, the Padre Serra did not disclose, but left it to the father at Bautista to read for himself, if so it should be, the genius of the young priest or the secret of his coming.

But the padre at Bautista was not good at reading beyond his books, and he cared little for secrets. The coming of a young priest meant to him only another laborer for souls, and he would have been slow to detect genius, other than the genius of devotion, in the habit of his order.

So Estevan, whose carvings in wood were the wonder of his day in Spain, whose romance is a common story and an old song, and whose heart and real secret only one knew, passed simply as a working priest. Nor did his crude carpentering bring him more than ordinary notice. Yet this was as Estevan had prayed it should be, and this was why the Padre Serra, in the goodness of his heart, had sent him to Bautista.

Still, the genius of the great artist burned in the young priest, and the image of his heart, which he dared never again, could never again, express, was always before him.

Once, at Mass, as he passed the figures of the Nativity and stood swinging a censer by the empty cradle, the pathetic suggestion of the lost Bambino appealed to him strangely. Instantly he determined to carve one to replace it. He had never worked on a figure of the Christ-Child, but almost with the desire to do it came a conception of the Blessed Babe, clear, strong, irresistible. His whole being thrilled with the fullness and sacred perfection of the image, and, as though a divine will sanctioned his determination, his heart knew no other desire.

As any sign of Estevan's intention must have disclosed his personality even to the dull senses of the padre and so revealed the secret of his past to his superior and the other priests at the mission, he had chosen the secluded spot in the cañon for the execution of his work, and had carried on his labors there with great caution. He was little aware that he had been discovered, and by a neophyte woman of the Indian rancheria; nor, had he known, could he have believed that the truest proof of his genius, the greatest praise for his conception, was to be stamped upon his work through her adoration.

## IV.

THE birth of a child in an Indian rancheria adjacent to the mission was so common an occurrence, even to the woman who bore it, that the coming of a little one was seldom heralded before the rising of its own plaintive voice, and never beyond the sound of its own feeble cry. It came into the world, lived and departed, without ceremonies. To whom it belonged before, or now, or after, was of little consequence. Its was the blood of an Indian, its the resignation, and whether it thrived and grew up an Indian, in the squalor of its surroundings, or died and was gathered to its Indian peace among the rocks of the Great Mountain, mattered to no one.

So it happened that a little child came to the neophyte woman in the settlement near the cañon of the madroñas, seemingly out of the sky, for no one knew of its birth save the woman herself. It was the week before Christmas. The Indian, its father, the woman had not seen since the night of his wrath against her, but she was thankful for that; she had not to feel his blows, and he was not about to strike the child, perchance to kill it.

As she rose feebly from her roll of skins in the corner of her adobe and held her babe before her, the new light that had shone over her face in the cañon when she first looked upon Estevan's image of a little child came again to her. Marvelous was the priest's conception and wonderful the skill with which he had worked; but greater than his impulse, more perfect than his genius, was the faith which stirred the soul of the Indian woman now as she looked upon her own child and knew that it would live. How she should save it from the blows that had killed her other little ones, how guide it to the Beautiful Light of Brother Estevan's teachings, she did not know. She knew only that it would live, be so guided, and be saved.

She stilled its feeble cry, rocked it to and fro in her arms, and nursed it long. And as she lay so, the babe quiet at her breast, the face of Brother Estevan's Bambino floated before her as a light. The low mud hut seemed filled with the glory of its presence. But she could not fix the light—could not touch it; it was here, there, then gone. It was not enough. She longed to bring the image itself, as she had seen it, into her wretched home, to lay it where her own babe slept, to bring it close to the little life that she had brought into the world. If only she could do that, she knew that, in some way, the Christ-Child would shed its glory about her babe, and that the love and peace of Brother Estevan's teachings would be in her little one's life forever. It was not a strange faith. She was trying to cast the beauty of the faith she felt herself about her child, and she needed the image that ignorance craves. All through the day she thought, all the day longed to bring the Christ-Child as she had seen him, as she had felt him, to her own babe. The light that she could not touch hovered before her, then dimmed away and the darkness of night came. Faintly she heard a great ringing of bells at the mission, and, though her days were one as another, she felt that the dawn would bring the Christmas.

She lay still a long time, thinking, dreaming, longing. The seeds of the priest's teachings and the sight of the beautiful Bambino had fallen on imaginative and fertile ground, and now they were growing.

It was past midnight when she turned softly and got up. The bells had long ceased ringing and her babe was asleep. She drew aside the hide covering to her door and passed out. The night was clear and still. The quarter of an old moon hung over the mountains in the east, and the valley and the hills were spectral in its faded, white light. The huts of the rancheria mingled with their shadows, and beyond, on the hillside, a great black blot marked the mouth of the cañon of the madroñas.

Listening at her door for a moment, to assure herself that the child slept and that all about her was still, she passed through the settlement into the blackness of the cañon and hurried on to the spring and the stump of the great tree where

*CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF*



### A GIRL OF THE DIRECTORY.

The costumes worn by both men and women subsequent to the French Revolution were most picturesque, and they lent themselves particularly to artistic reproduction. Even now, as in the picture above, the painters of to-day hark back to that dreadful period when they wish to represent what is particularly pleasing to the eyes of men—pleasing notwithstanding the horrors which the period cannot fail to recall.



From a painting by Miss Mary E. Taylor.

### A COLONIAL REJECTION.

Love was as young and as old a hundred and fifty years ago as it is to-day, for love, being perennial, does not change. And so our great-grandfathers made love just as we do to-day—with more stateliness of manner, perhaps, but with the ardor and the passion, the fears and the tremblings, which are the signs and the effects of youthful love. In this representation of an unhappy wooing, the manly man in the picture might represent our Washington himself—for, as we all know, he had to take many rebuffs before the widow Custis made him a happy man.

## CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF

Estevan's babe lay hidden. Around the tree she found a pile of dried leaves, but the child was gone.

Estevan, bending over the cradle by the altar, with his finished image of the Christ-Child in his hands, heard the sound of a step near him, but in the darkness he saw no one and thought he had imagined the sound. He knew the padre was asleep, and it was only the padre that he feared might discover him. He laid the little figure over which he had worked so long, so secretly, in the cradle, and covering it carefully with the faded old laces that had come from Peru, passed out of the chapel to await the morn.

### V.

THE first faint flush of dawn crept into the eastern sky; the first faint breeze of morning stirred the line of brush along the creek by the Indian rancheria; the first bird of day twittered.

In the adobe hut of the neophyte woman a chaparral knot shed a flickering light. On a low bed in the corner the Indian woman was softly rocking herself to and fro, a child at either breast—the one, her own little babe; the other, Brother Estevan's Bambino. In this way, to her, was her child to receive, even as a babe, the light that Brother Estevan taught; in this way was it to come close to the Christ-Child, escape the miseries of life, and be saved from the death that the others had suffered—such was her faith.

With the first ray of morning light she started. The night had flown in her dream of happiness, and the morning was upon her before she realized that she must take the Christ-

Child away from her little one and hurry back with it again to the mission.

She caught up the two small figures and held them to her breast in one long embrace.

As she stood so, the hide covering of the entrance was torn away, and, against the pink light of the dawn, she saw the figure of the Indian enter. With fear she crouched to the floor. The chaparral knot had burned out, and all was dark. For a moment the comer saw nothing; then his eyes fell upon the crouching woman and he glided towards her. His back was bent, his step was the tread of a panther, his hands its claws. She saw him move, and in awful terror shrank lower over her possessions. His hands seized her; she rolled from him to the floor. He saw that she clasped something in her arms, and he sprang to tear it from her.

"Give it to me," he screamed; "give it to me. It is not mine; it is the priest's. Let me kill it."

Mad with a fiendish rage, he wrenched one of the little figures from her, and, whirling it through the air with terrible force, hurled it from him. There was no scream as the body struck; no spatter of blood upon the wall; only a sharp breaking sound and the falling of splintered wood about him. Pieces fell at his feet, struck his face, tore his skin, but all was dry and wooden. He stood as the impetus of the throw had left him, his knee bent, his long right arm straight out before him, rigid. For a moment he trembled, still with the fury of his rage, his eyes staring wildly at the stainless wall, but only for a moment; then, as though the death he had meant to deal had

struck back at him from the shattered image of the Christ-Child, he fell heavily forward, quivered, and was still.

Stunned with a great terror, the Indian woman moaned feebly. The dawn came and the hut grew light. Near the wall she saw the rigid figure of the Indian as he had fallen, face downward, amid splintered wood, and in her arms nestled her own child, unharmed; but nowhere, nowhere was the Christ-Child, the beautiful Babe she had taken from the chapel altar—Estevan's child, that must be carried back. A moment she wailed aloud; then, clasping her babe tightly, hurried down to the mission.

### VI.

THROUGHOUT all the valley of the San Juan, and over all the hills beyond, spread the news of the coming of a babe to the mission of Bautista. Where the child came from, when or how, no one knew. Only was it known that on Christmas morn a child's voice rang out in the chapel as the priests were at early Mass. And as they looked about, behold! in the cradle which had so long stood by the altar, empty, was a little babe. The old padre looked the wonder that he felt, and said it was a miracle, heralding the coming of good fortune; but the other priests shook their heads and were silent. Only did Brother Estevan ever know the truth; for, strangely enough, it was he whom the padre sent to find a mother for the child; and, searching among the huts of the rancheria by the cañon, he came upon a woman weeping in an adobe where a dead Indian lay, amid the splintered pieces of his own little Bambino.

## THE ONE THING.

**H**AVE I not worked, O God—  
Have I not toiled and borne?  
Sackcloth for secret sin  
Have I not worn?  
  
Have I not dwelt for years  
In bitterness alone—  
Eating my Dead-Sea fruit—  
And made no moan?  
  
Have I not plead for strength  
Thy chastisement to bear,  
Pressing my soul's wild cry  
Thro' midnight air?  
  
The stony way thou gavest  
Have I not bravely trod?  
Have I breathed one reproach,  
O God, O God?

Hast Thou e'er known my feet  
The cruellest thorn to shun?  
Have I not bled—and said  
"Thy will be done"?  
  
Night after night, O God,  
Have I not laid me prone—  
Brow bent upon the floor—  
Yet made no moan?  
  
Yea, when the deepest hurt  
Festered in my heart's core,  
"This I deserved," I said;  
"All this—and more."  
  
In my supreme remorse,  
Repentance, and despair,  
My deepest plea has been  
For strength to bear;  
  
Strength to endure my sin,  
And eat its fruits—and live;  
This and that wilder cry  
Of "Lord, forgive!"

What more can I do, God,  
To win from pain release?  
What more, O God, what more  
For peace—for peace?

So prayed the woman; pale  
Was she, and thin and worn,  
And hollow-eyed and cheecked.  
And passion-torn.  
  
And "Child," God answered her,  
"When first thou asked of me,  
Truly repenting all,  
I forgave thee.  
  
"Only one thing thou lackest—  
And that is *Faith*. Deplore  
Thy sins no longer. Go—  
And sin no more."

ELLA HIGGINSON.

## THE ORDER OF SAINT GODALK.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

ND, Michael," said the general, "I think I will have *foie gras* with truffles." The corporal saluted.

"Certainly, sir," he said, and went on tidying the place with a deft orderliness that told of training other than that learned in a stuffy room in an over-populated house.

"And," the general supplemented, "suppose we say a bisque of lobster, as well."

"Certainly," replied the corporal, as before. "Certainly, sir."

The general, in his narrow iron bed, relapsed into contemplation of the ceiling, where the sun outside made beautiful swaying shadows suggestive of a forest of leaves, but which in reality were those of the flapping clothes stretched from long poles in the windows of the many rooms of the house.

The corporal shoved under the bed his own blanket and head-rest,—the corporal always sleeping on the floor, finding it difficult to rest in bed after his years of army service, when his pillow had often been his boots, the ground his couch. Now and then he glanced furtively at the bed. The general's hair had not been cut since he had been here; it was white and long, and rested on the pillow like a fall of silver. The eyes fixed on the ceiling were brighter than ever to-day, and the red spot on the high-cheek bones bloomed even more vividly. The hands that lay outside the coverlet were long and pale, and the nail of the forefinger picked at the side of the thumb in a way the corporal knew well.

"What is the matter with you?" the general demanded suddenly. Whereupon the corporal began whistling a rollicking air—before this, he had not failed to whistle while he worked about the room. It was this whistle the general had missed, and which he had heard many a day; at first, in barracks, when he had resented it; then outside his tent, pitched in sight of the enemy, and when it had seemed not so unpleasant; and then here, for nearly a year, when it had become necessary, if he wished to think without his head getting confused.

It was near the hour when the doctor came, so the corporal did some extra work to take up the time and not be reprimanded as a watcher of other people's movements; he must be busy until the yellow-faced man who carried an aroma of iodoform with him had come and gone and he had received his orders for the day; orders which were sure to be at variance with those of the general, but which the general interpreted to him faithfully.

The corporal, whistling cheerfully, went and polished the glasses of the window with the tails of his coat. This necessitated his putting his body into strange postures, as he wore the coat at the time, and the tails were short and the window rather high. In this way he took glimpses which fore-shortened the general, which gave the profile of the general, which showed the general from above, which disclosed only the tip of his nose.

Never before had the corporal found him so peaceful. He had found him stormy enough; the grateful sound of his oaths still rang in his ears, as at Boskowa he rode through smoke and dust and turned the tide of battle. He had seen the general in all the panoply of gold lace and plumes, as at the grand review, when battalion after battalion filed past with tattered standards and were disbanded now that the war was over; as an auditor in the parliamentary chamber he had listened to the general urging this and that measure when politics usurped war; he had seen the general when enemies maligned him and he had fronted them haughtily, without fear and without reproach; and (as ever, following with the hope of a glimpse of the old commander) he had seen the general when he was on the wrong side of the bar of justice and men swore that the government had been defrauded and that those high in authority were responsible. In these and other scenes the corporal had known the general, but never before to-day had there been that quality of sufficiency which bestowed a calm beyond that of effort or pride. Yesterday had been one of the wild days when obsolete memories were revived and phases of an eventful life lived over again in bitterness and recrimination. Yesterday it had been the defiance of his enemies; another time it had been his political triumphs, or the great battle, or his affection for the wife who died so long ago; and always it was his love of the land of his birth, far away. But never before had it been like this.

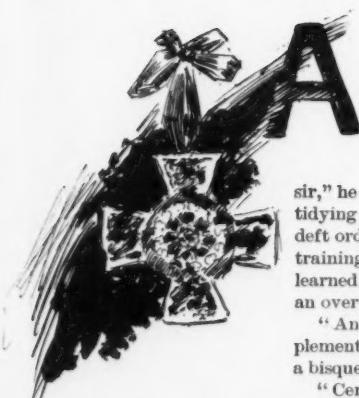
"He must be better."

Though the corporal knew that this was not so. Had not the doctor's manner yesterday shown him how it was? Had he not seen it coming nearer and nearer for months?

Still whistling cheerfully, he went from the window and put some coal on the fire. He wished the woman down stairs would get him cheaper coal; then he could use it more plentifully. But he could not tell her so; he did not know her language well enough to do more than generalize. She was a kind woman, though, and would not let her children make much noise after she knew how it was with the general. She even brought up soup every few days—soup which he did not dare to offer to the general, for whom he took it to be meant, the general being one of the most fastidious gentlemen regarding his food. The thought of this soup appealed to the corporal now and made him uneasy. The thought of it forced him to draw his belt a little more tightly, although it was already taken in by three holes supplementary to those originally in the leather.

"Michael," called the general, "stop that whistling. And I think I will have —" He hesitated.

"HE RAISED THE BOWL TO HIS LIPS AND DRANK."



LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

"Caviare?" suggested Michael.

"His Majesty's portrait," the general said.

The corporal went to the closet and got out a cutting from a paper representing the face of the king. This he took to the bedside and laid on the coverlet.

The general held it in both hands.

"Who so forgetful!" he murmured. "Old, expatriated, here am I. And there is he! I fought for him."

"No," thundered the corporal, "you fought for your country."

The general turned his blue eyes till he could see his contradicitor. "You should not say that," he said, rebukingly. "His is the divine right—I fought for my king! Because I am what I am must I forget my duty? It is right that I should be what I am, a fallen man, but I am not fallen so low as to deny my sovereign. You! I owe you much. You brought me here at infinite peril to yourself; you sacrificed much for me;

those of exalted office. Before the general entered politics had a word been uttered against him? The general himself had said that once a man entered that field nothing was too bad to say in his disfavor. Had it not been so in the case of Wellington? of Marlborough? And what were army contracts? If the government had been deceived why should the general be held accountable? Had not the government always been deceived in its army contracts? The army had been the sufferer, not the government. The corporal had had his share of spoiled meat and sandy flour and knew whereof he spoke.

"Ungrateful one," again sounded the general's voice, "you forget how his Majesty honored you. Do you remember the time when the young prince—God bless him!—came to camp and fell into the river and you rescued him, and his Majesty took from his own breast the Order of Saint Godalk and pinned it on your coat? You to speak ill of him! Leave the room, please!"

He bowed low and waited till the woman had gone down stairs again.

Then he raised the bowl to his lips and drank its savory contents greedily, though his throat was scalded and tears of pain started to his eyes.

How much better he was already. He felt like laughing; the mere gratification of animal demands seemed the happiest thing in the world.

Then the doctor came up. The corporal opened the door for him and they passed in together.

The general could understand the doctor, whom he afterwards explained to the corporal.

"No," the doctor said; "you are not so well. You insist upon the truth."

"I do," the general said; "I do."

"You must have champagne."

"No foie gras nor lobster?"



"He took the decoration and pinned it on the general's shirt."

but you presume, indeed, when you thus correct me. He is my king; my king is my country." Panting for breath, he held the print close to his eyes.

The corporal was used to these outbreaks, though on this occasion there was no disturbance of the peaceful expression on the general's face.

The king! The corporal's own face was gray and pinched; the doctor who had been called in last month informed the woman down stairs that it was caused by insufficient nourishment and by long confinement here with the sick man, who demanded every moment of the nurse's time. But now a dull glow crept into his cheek.

The king! The general loved him still; declined to drop allegiance to him in spite of disgrace and ruin which the corporal's dull mind insisted the king could have prevented. The king? And after the general had been so treated! Honesty? What was honesty for the people was not the same thing for

The corporal saluted and retired to the hall-way, closing the door behind him. He had been cashiered thus many times, but never for the same cause, for before it had always been the longing for "My country—my country!" And never before had there been even a reference to the Order of Saint Godalk.

Outside the door the corporal seemed to become suddenly weak. He clutched at the wall.

Then a woman's voice was heard from below. He straightened himself; a look of wild expectancy lighted his face.

Steps neared him. It was the woman from down stairs. She held a steaming bowl. She could not speak his tongue, but the bowl told its own story.

The corporal's fingers twitched.

She handed him the bowl.

Naturally, he told himself, here was a mess for the general, and which the general would decline.

"By no means. Champagne; some jellied chicken. You will follow my instructions?"

"Do I not always follow them?"

"You tell me you have been a soldier. A soldier knows how to obey orders."

The doctor lingered. There was more to say, but there was no one to whom he could say it—surely not to the principal himself; it is always so difficult in these cases to tell the principal. Nor could he tell the nurse, who looked at him like some sluggish animal and knew no language but his own.

Well, matters must take their course; he had done all he could.

He looked from the patient to the nurse. They were an odd pair, these two; surely very poor, and the wonder was how they had escaped the immigrant inspectors. Though they must have money, too, for his prescriptions calling for high-priced viands were always filled, and his patient's suggestions as to what he should like showed that he was not unacquainted with rather exclusive menus.

When the doctor had gone the general said:

"The order now is champagne and jellied chicken."

"Certainly, sir," replied the corporal.

There was a silence.

"Michael," said the general, apologetically, "do not cherish my indignation. Forgive me!"

To be asked for forgiveness by his general!

"Another thing," once more rose the voice; "you are sure the bonds are holding out!"

The bonds often troubled the general's clouded mind; he thought he had brought them with him in the hurried flight of a year ago, when all had been excitement and confusion, and that Michael husbanded very well the resources accruing from them.

"They are holding out," the corporal informed him.

"Good!" said the general. "And now for the champagne and the jellied chicken."

## CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF

"And now," in turn said the corporal, "I will put away his Majesty—for the picture must not be looked at too long."

The general handed the print to him without a word, and it was placed in the closet again.

Then the corporal got his hat.

"There is nothing more, sir?" he asked. "No Tokay grapes this time?"

"Do not be tiresome," the general said. "Tokay grapes and champagne! You fail to understand the relative proportion of things."

So the corporal went out. The air was keen, the sun bright; the soup of the woman down stairs had fortified him, and he struck out with his quick, even step.

He went on to the place that had often seen him within the past twelve months. This was a little shop where there presided an old man who spoke all languages and had inscrutable eyes.

"Another stone!" he grumbled, as the corporal entered. "Your master must be an idiot to hoard up five or six trifling brilliants to sell them one at a time. I give you the same price I gave you for the others—fifty—unless it has worse flaws in it than the six I have already."

But it was not a brilliant this time. The corporal held out something that was like a shining globule of blood newly sprung from his hand. The man grabbed it and held it to the light. Then he handed it back.

"No," he said; "your master must bring this himself."

"But I tell you," cried the corporal, "he is dy—he is ill."

"I get myself into no trouble," the man returned. "I know the traits of your country—how subtle, how secretive."

But his eyes were on the stone, so like a globule of freshly-shed blood.

"Suppose," he said, "I lend you a hundred and you leave this with me as security? But I will not buy it from you," and he shook his head. "No, no."

"A hundred!" The corporal thought for a moment. "Yes, a hundred will do."

"I will buy from your master, or a writing from him will do. Now I lend a hundred on the stone."

"It will be enough."

A paper was scribbled, which the corporal signed without reading.

"Now," he said, "write me on a card, 'Champagne and jellied chicken,' the same as you have done before."

Then he was out again in the street.

"It is enough," he told himself. "It will pay the doctor, and—it will take us home."

He presented the card on which was written what the doctor had ordered at the place which the jewel broker had recommended several months ago—a smart place where delicacies were prepared for the sick at prices which accorded with the care in their preparation.

When he returned to the house the peace which had come in with the day still continued. None of the old restlessness, the old miserable restlessness.

The general started, finding some one bending over him.

"Such a beautiful dream as I have had, Michael," he said. "I dreamed of my mother, who died when I was very young, and of my wife. My wife was a very handsome woman. His Majesty said—But never mind. You got the champagne? Ah, that is grateful! How it tingles!"

Then he was quiet again. When he woke the second time the corporal knew the truth to the uttermost. He had been looking for it for a long while, his whole care having been that it should not come through the agency of the parapet of a

bridge, or the window of this room, so high up above the pavement.

"Surely," said the general, "surely my wife must be expecting me. That is—No; I do not mean that."

"Perhaps," said the corporal, "a little jellied chicken—"

"No, no." The general turned away his head. "No, no."

"Is there anything else?" the corporal persisted.

"No," answered the general, "there is nothing—that you would understand—nothing that you would understand."

The corporal sat down. There was little for him to do, and before this he had been kept so busy. The general dozed. The silence grew. The corporal's night had been much disturbed. The soup of the woman down stairs had been warm and comforting, the walk in the keen air bracing, and now his head sank lower and lower.

Is it Boscosa? And who is this that rides through the camp, heading off the retreat that is almost a flight? Who is this, all blackened and begrimed, who shouts, "Your king! Remember your king!" Whose eagle eye singles him out, and whose clarion-like voice cries, "Corporal, you are with me! Forward!" and—

"Corporal!"

The rumble, the rush, the rattle, the roar! Down, up again, a twinge in the thigh where a bullet had plowed its way. On, on, flying men recruited, huddled together, charging! And ever that blackened, stalwart form and that trumpet voice blaring, "Remember the king!"

Oh, that day! that day! The glory of it, the praise of his general, who visited him in the hospital, where there was that pervading odor of iodoform, such as the yellow-faced doctor now brought into the room with him.

"Corporal!"

The hair had not been white then; it had turned so in a week after the "army scandals" were made public. And that face! not drawn and pinched, hiding the shame of the soul under its mask of heart-break—that proud soul that knew so little of intrigue that it was an easy victim of the temptation of those old in connivance!

"Corporal!"

He woke with a start.

"I have called and called," the general said. There was a new quality in his voice. He was seated on the edge of the narrow army bed, his white hair streaming round his face. His eyes had a look in them as though they saw afar off. "My sword!" he said. "No; they took that from me. I deserved it. I was not worthy of retaining it. I wish to stand."

The corporal got him to his feet.

"No," he said; "lay me down again. I will not stand erect through the strength of another man."

"Some champagne?" the corporal asked.

The general did not heed him.

"The evil that men do!" he said. "The evil!" He raised his arm. "His Majesty!"

The corporal went to the closet and got the print. The general held it up to him.

"The bonds," he said; "they will provide for you. You have been faithful unto—Ah, I know what I want—it is your order. I wish to see the Order of Saint Godalk."

The corporal put his hand in his coat pocket and slowly took out a small box. He looked at the general, then, seeming to assure himself as to something, placed the box in his hand.

The general opened the case with trembling fingers. He fondled the trinket within. "Your one great pride," he said exultingly; "your one great pride. And well it may be. Not for your life must you ever part with it; not for your

life." He held it close to his eyes. "I cannot see it," he said. "I cannot feel it; are you sure that I hold it? Tell me, does it blaze with light, and in the centre is the rose of valor? I know it, I know it. Remember, not for your life must you part with it." He pressed it to his lips. "It was his Majesty's!" His hand fell. He appeared to have suddenly fallen to sleep; his fingers closed over the bauble.

His face stern and hard, the corporal left the room. He went to the woman down stairs.

"Doctor!" he said.

Then he went back to the room. The general lay motionless. The corporal watched him; he had seen the man in situations that tried his soul, and this was another of them.

He was roused by the entrance of the doctor and another man. This second man understood the corporal's language.

"The doctor thinks," he said, "that you are run down—that you have eaten little but what has been given you by your neighbor down stairs. He says that he ordered many things for your friend here, hoping that you would take some of them yourself—"

"I touch nothing from the source that got those things," the corporal interrupted. "Attend to him!" He pointed to the bed. They could get nothing further from him.

"Tell him!" the doctor said to the other man. "Tell him!" So the man told the corporal what the doctor had found it so difficult to tell the principal in such cases.

"I knew it," the corporal replied, grimly. "I knew it. We—I shall not be here long—a few days. I return to my own country. So I wish to pay this man," he indicated the doctor. "Now, at once."

His insisting was so urgent that he had his way.

And then he was alone with the general.

Night came. He lighted the lamp. The general slept on, breathing heavily.

The sounds in the house became less, the street quieted down; the rumble of the city failed for a few hours.

The general slept. The night was growing old; midnight had long passed when the first sound for hours was heard in the room.

"Corporal!" The corporal saluted. "Raise me!"

The corporal slipped his arm under the general's shoulders.

"My friend, you have been faithful. Remember the bonds; they are yours. His Majesty?"

The corporal placed the picture of the king in his hand.

"The Order of Saint Godalk, corporal, your cherished possession, which must always be your pride! Hold it to my lips. His Majesty wore it once."

The corporal did as he was ordered. Over the general's face came a luminous shadow that was more than a smile. "Michael—the king!"

The corporal lowered the white head to the pillow.

"At last," he said, "thou shalt go back to thy own country, whose prison should never hold thee."

He looked down at the quiet face. "He loved the king." He opened the general's shirt and next the pulseless heart he placed the cut from the paper. "He will not think me false to him when he will love the king more than ever for all that his Majesty has done for him in this year of sorrow. The Order of Saint Godalk!" He took the decoration and pinned it on the general's shirt front. "Does it blaze with light, and in the centre is the rose of valor?" My general!" He sobbed. "Do not hate me for it—it was all that I could do. It was not for my life that I parted with it." For the six diamonds which had formed the circle round the middle stone were gone. The middle stone had been a ruby. That was gone too.

## THEDMORE.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

### PART I.

**T**WO men were sitting side by side at an open fire burning on a hearth owned by one of them. Hour after hour, in the

past, they had sat thus at this hearth side by side—hours that each remembered as among the freest, the fullest, and the most valued of their lives; but one had finally married, and—

"You are an odd physician," said the guest. "I told you when I came in to-night this was to be a purely professional visit, and you have talked to me on every subject on earth but my health. I am not paying you social visits any more, you know. Socially, I consider you uncivil."

Dr. La Mar leaned more deeply into his easy-chair, toasting the soles of his shoes at the open grate. "Throw on another log," he said lazily as reply. His companion laughed, but did not move.

"I haven't known you quite seven years. It's considered uncivil to mend a man's fire until you have known him fully seven years."

La Mar rose to fling a heavy back-log on the fire-dogs, then stood looking at the flurry of sparks it raised. "Why are the civilities afflicting you to-night, Thedmore? What ails you?"

"Civilities! When an old friend like yourself has been abroad for six months, haven't I the right to expect him at my hearth more than half a dozen times in so many weeks?"

Dr. La Mar turned his back on the fire and faced Thedmore looking down on him with a frankly shown affection. Before replying he stooped to gather a handful of walnuts from a plate that stood on a little round wine-table placed between the two chairs, within easy reach of a hand stretched out from either. The room was plainly a busy physician's office, and as well a bachelor student's den. To Thedmore, no four walls had ever so expressed their owner, and their owner had been his

closest friend. He looked about him now contentedly, stretching out his hands to the blazing fire, and clasping and unclasping his fingers as if catching the warmth and letting it go again.

"If I didn't know you had a retreat of your own that's been my ideal of married life I should say you looked as a man who hadn't seen hearth or home in years."

"I?" said Thedmore, looking up quickly. Unconsciously he chose a more constrained attitude.

"You ought to know that a doctor's time is eaten by ducks," went on La Mar carelessly, cracking the walnuts he held one against the other and picking out the meat as he talked. The fire-light was behind him and flickering on Thedmore's face. "So your visit's purely professional, is it? Let me look at you." He flung the oily shells from his hand to the fire. As they blazed up, he looked swiftly and keenly into the face below him. Thedmore, smiling, looked as steadily back.

"Well, doctor?"

Dr. La Mar threw himself down again into his chair.

"Save me trouble," he said, lazily. "You have been with me at clinics often enough to know the formula. Give me your case history."

"Blank as that of a happy country."

"Upon my word," laughed the physician, "I never found a patient so unwilling to show me his tongue. Most of them come into my office with it hanging out of their jaws. No past history, eh? Then present symptoms, please."

Thedmore laughed with him. "It's hard to give you them, because they are all in Joan's imagination. She drove me here to-night at the point of her needle. You know how it is when she once grows anxious. I had to humor her—that was all. Give me some bread pills to please her. She sent you a letter, by the way, about me, I suppose." He drew a letter from his pocket, which Dr. La Mar read by the light of the fire.

"So," he said, glancing up. "By this you neither eat nor sleep. Is that true?"

"I am rather sleepless."

"What do you do when you lie awake?"

"Thrash and swear."

"You don't take that time for worrying?" The question came abruptly.

"About what?" asked Thedmore, quickly. "Do I look like a worrying man?" he added, after a moment's pause.

"No," answered the physician, heartily, "you do not. You are too heavily built, your eyes are too bovine, and your features are rather too strong, and your brow too wide. You're too masculine, in a word. It takes light eyes and high cheekbones, a feminine build and a pointed chin, to worry properly."

"You describe Geoffrey to an eyelash. Yes, he can worry his soul thin."

"By the way, how is our poet now?"

"Just finish me first, please. Why did you ask if I worried?"

"Oh, habit partly. I always say that to a woman when I don't know what on earth is the matter with her. 'Are you allowing yourself to worry over something?' I ask; and as every woman born of Eve, sick or well, is worrying over something, I gain credit for great acumen, and by the same move, time for my diagnosis. Tell me more about Geoffrey while I finish my walnuts," he continued, and Thedmore replied, shortly:

"There's not much to tell you about Geoffrey, except that he went into a cure and was cured."

"When I was a small boy," said Dr. La Mar, dryly, "my mother once gave me a dose of wormwood because I told a lie. I supposed it was an absolute cure, and I was perfectly amazed to find that I could still lie with the greatest ease, whenever I chose. If I understand the principles of Geoffrey's cure they are about like that. They only pretend to restore a power of choice, don't they?"

Thedmore smiled as if in spite of a touch of vexation. "You have no reverence. Geoffrey's trouble was definite disease. He both drank and took opium, but never with companions. He was not what you could call a vulgar drunkard."



LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



THEDMORE—“*Thedmore, are you mad, to see this go on?*”

*CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF*



A CHRISTMAS-EVE CELEBRATION ON BOARD A UNITED STATES MAN-OF-WAR.

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

He suffered from a morbid craving, and that craving the cure has certainly removed."

"Has he taken up his work again?"

"Yes; beautiful work."

"Ah! there I agree with you. His work is weirdly beautiful; but, do you know, I believe it is at the price of his soul. I taste opium in every line of his writing. To me the very sweep of the metre always seems pulsed to the ebb and fullness of poppy dreams. Suppose by curing him you have lost the world a poet? I doubt if you ought to be praised. Poets are scarce, you know, while men grow as thick as whortleberries."

Thedmore looked up surprised. "Is this my scientist? You talk like a poet yourself to-night."

"Oh, if you still want me purely professional, so be it. The case is interesting enough. Here we have a man, high strung to the snapping point, and playing each work-day on every string of his soul. Does that leave him any reserve of nervous strength to call on? It's his nervous strength that he'll want, you know, when that old temptation of his looks out at him from around some corner. It's absurd! He ought to have gone from the cure straight to a day laborer's position."

Thedmore rose with a troubled movement and stood thoughtfully on the hearth, looking questioningly at the physician, who had spoken with unusual force. "Unfortunately Geoffrey agrees with you as to his danger. He has the most pitiful terror of any test or temptation. Suppose he did yield once. Why have you and he this fixed idea that it would mean an orgie?"

"Because it would. Let one drop of his old temptation trickle down his throat, and that old thirst would come back as the seven devils to the cleansed house. You know the man and his history as well as he and I know it, and you think exactly as we do; you know you do. Hasn't it always been so in the past? Some half-accidental taste of the stuff generally started him, and then you might as well have tried to pull off a scenting bloodhound; and each attack was worse than the last. The one before he went into the cure—you remember—it was touch and go. I thought his will power was utterly sapped, and I still think it was, but you held yours against it as a splint. The cure did the rest—temporarily. But mark my words: If his next temptation finds Geoffrey when he is in a nervously depleted state there will be nothing to hold him back, and then—nothing can save him. That's why I recommend healthy day labor."

Thedmore shook his head, agreeing unwillingly. "I am afraid we are all three right, and we ought to know. But the hope for Geoffrey is that temptation and his hour of depression may chance not to come together."

"Oh, the devil will see to that!" said Dr. La Mar. He laid his hand suddenly on Thedmore's shoulder, speaking earnestly. "You can't dry-nurse the man forever. You can't be about his path, and about his way, and spy out all his ways."

"No, I don't mean to; but it was I who persuaded him to try the cure, and I was in a measure responsible for him when he first came out. He has no home, and I think he is fairly safe with me—with us—for a time."

Dr. La Mar's eyes grew watchful.

"How long is a time?"

"There is no limit set. Our house is large."

"And Joan?" asked Dr. La Mar, with seeming carelessness, "how does she stand this triangular household? I have sometimes felt even my evening calls a kind of intrusion on you as a couple."

"You never thought anything of the kind," said Thedmore, pleasantly. But he moved away to where his coat and hat hung on a rack in the corner.

"Yes, I suppose I was telling a lie when I said that," Dr. La Mar called after him, laughing. "I never was unwelcome in your house—but I like to lie now and then. I haven't an Anglo-Saxon conscience, thank God! Mine's a kind of French conscience. I inherit it with my name."

Thedmore was drawing on his coat; his back was turned.

"Joan," he said, as if some explanation were needed, "always liked Geoffrey. When I suggested it, her pity for him made her more than willing to take him in, and he gives no trouble. You know how pitiful she is over any hurt thing. Why do you try to play the cynic before me, La Mar? I see you with Joan, remember, setting her birds' wings and her squirrels' legs." The watchfulness over himself that had almost reached antagonism towards his friend had relaxed. Now, in parting, Thedmore was easy, and even affectionate; he looked at La Mar with a reproachful amusement on his strong face, and in his blue eyes that were somewhat bovine in their slow movement and quiet depths.

"Why?" said Dr. La Mar, with quick earnestness. "Why do you, who ought to love Joan most, insist on providing her with this new pet to wring her heart? I can mend her broken birds' wings and squirrels' legs, when she brings them to me, but when Geoffrey breaks his opium fast—what can I or any one else do? You spirited away her mocking-bird when I warned you it had to die, and why don't you spirit this songster away also—for Joan's sake?"

He spoke entreatingly and with feeling. Thedmore came towards him laughing good-humoredly, but with no sign of responsive undercurrent. "Nonsense," he said; "Geoffrey is not a bird, and at present very far from being doomed. Drop in and see us when you can. Joan will be worrying for me. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Dr. La Mar, absently. He let his friend reach the door before he called to him. "Wait a moment. You forgot your bread pills. I'll make them up for you now. Joan will never forgive me if I let you go with no medicine."

As Dr. La Mar moved to his desk, which was opposite the fireplace, he could see without looking directly that Thedmore had turned back to the place he had left in front of the hearth. It seemed to him that he could feel as well as see the weariness in the pose of the rather heavy figure, and in the massive lines of the bowed head and the strong shoulders, and he noted the eyes that at once fell on the embers in that fascination for burned-out life which the unhappy seem always to feel. The physician turned away and bent over his papers, shaking his head and drawing in a distressed breath between his teeth. This friend was very dear to him, and his helplessness hurt him. At last

he drew his prescription paper towards him, and, dipping his pen in the ink, held it poised over the blank sheet, lifting his eyes in thought and looking straight before him. As he did so his brows drew suddenly together in a heavy frown. He sat staring intently. A few moments later he began to write quickly and with a nervous motion that had altogether left him when he turned and faced the room.

"After all," he said, "I begin to think that Joan is half right. A tonic will do no harm. I want you to take this prescription to a special druggist. I have written the name on the outside. If you can't find the drug there, no one will have it."

He rose and gave Thedmore the paper. "Thank you," said Thedmore patiently. "Of course I will take it if you wish, but I no more need physic than—" he stopped short, gazing at the superscription. His voice changed. "To Joan! La Mar, what have you written her? I shall read this." He tore the sheet open and read the contents aloud: "Dear Joan, I don't keep peace of mind in a bottle. Affectionately, La Mar."

"Nor do I," said La Mar decidedly. Thedmore crushed the sheet together and flung it into the fire. His voice shook with passion.

"And you," he cried, "you had the cruelty to write that to Joan for her to open and read?"

"No; I addressed that to her, but I knew you would read it first. I wrote it for you to open and tremble over—as you have."

They looked at each other with something so like the defiance of enemies that the strain of the moment calmed them both. Thedmore's voice came first, breaking the silence.

"Peace of mind," why should you suddenly think my peace broken?"

"Come here," answered the physician, gravely. "I have something to show you." He flung open the baize-lined doors of a book-case set above his desk and showed that in place of books, the shelves were filled with new surgical instruments.

"That's not a pretty show for nervous women, is it? Yesterday I had these doors lined with baize, as you see. Now sit here a moment at my desk where I was and look up."

Thedmore seated himself before the glass doors, now closed again, looked up into them and started. His face flushed, but he still spoke calmly.

"The baize behind them makes a perfect mirror, doesn't it? Then, of course, you saw me with my head in my hands just now. I suppose there is no need of fencing any longer. I thought you were suspecting I had some trouble and I preferred you shouldn't be sure; that's all. Do you call a hidden mirror like that fair to your friends and patients, La Mar?"

"I only found it myself just now. Do I need to remind you that a physician's office is a confessional. His oath of secrecy is exactly as binding as a priest's."

The words might have been a promise for the past, or as a plea for further confession. Thedmore rose and laid his hand on his friend's shoulder. He was evidently touched, but asevidently master of his own will, and his wish was for silence.

"If I needed money, you'd give me yours to the last penny, wouldn't you? I know that. If I needed a friend, you'd supply me to the last bone. I know that, too, and if I needed either I'd call on you at once—but I don't. I am in trouble, but it is going to pass."

He lifted his head strongly as he ended, and Dr. La Mar, alert for every motion, felt that he spoke more from a set determination than from any facts. He felt this the more when Thedmore added kindly, and yet with pointed intention to withdraw:

"Don't you hold me on your conscience. I shall fare well enough." His arm still rested on his friend's shoulder. They were standing close together.

"And Joan?" said Dr. La Mar, more loudly than he knew he spoke, because the words came with an effort.

It was as if he had dropped a heavy stone from his hand into stilled water. Thedmore's arm fell from his shoulder. He drew back a step.

"Joan! What of her?"

Dr. La Mar answered slowly, with eyes fixed on Thedmore's face.

"Only this: no woman serves two masters. She grows either to love one and hate the other, or to have the one and lose the other."

They stood again looking at each other in silence. Then Thedmore spoke. "How much do you know?" he asked, sternly.

"Everything."

"How long have you known it, and how did you learn it?"

"I have known all ever since I came home. You forget what a spy a friend's eye must be. What pleasure was it to me to come to your home as it is now? I had to stay away or speak out to some one of you. Thedmore, are you mad, to see this go on?"

The veins stood out on Thedmore's forehead, but his face was white and his hands knotted as they hung at his side.

"I knew I could never stand hearing words on this," he said, speaking thickly, "and I can't. If I thought that you believed more than the truth, your being my friend wouldn't have kept my hands from your throat. But somehow, I believe you do understand. Do you know that there has never been anything—not a passing look or action that a husband could really resent? And if I left the country to-morrow, with my home just as it is, it would be the same while I was away. Do you believe that?"

Dr. La Mar looked up sadly.

"I believe it and understand it as certainly as you do. Who could doubt Joan? She is innocence itself. And yet, Thedmore—and yet—"

The strong lines in Thedmore's rugged face softened, leaving only a look of patient strength. It was a change infinitely pathetic to the friend who watched it. He interrupted with a gesture the words La Mar seemed about to speak. The fact that he had laid down all his guards was told by the relax of his body before the words came.

"This has gone too far between us now for unfinished sentences. And yet I know that Geoffrey loves her—and Joan, oh, my poor child! she loves him." His voice broke, he stood with bowed head for a moment, then steadied himself to add, firmly:

"But this first. We see what neither of them has yet guessed. No one in the world suspects this but you and me.

Geoffrey is just as dreamily blind as a man as Joan is as a woman; and she is still the purest, the tenderest, the most innocent wife a wretched husband ever lost—" He broke off abruptly, turning aside. Dr. La Mar walked to a small vial closet at the back of the room, from which he took several bottles, pouring parts of their contents into a wine-glass, which he carried to Thedmore.

"Take this," he said briefly, to hide his feeling. "You need it." Thedmore took the glass half-smiling.

"Haven't you also a bit of surgeon's plaster to stick on my heart? What is this? Pah! it smells of opium."

"There is opium in it."

Thedmore held out the glass steadily at arm's length. "Look at that. Those nerves are as solid as a blacksmith's." He set the potion by on the mantel, and turned from it.

"I indulged in self-pity for the moment, that was all. Don't you know a man never calls up any such moving picture as himself in distress?"

"Don't close up your heart yet, Thedmore," said Dr. La Mar gently. "Do you suppose I spent all this hour trying to tear it open for no good reason? If you don't speak to some one you will lose your own mind. I have been studying you for weeks, and I tell you this both as a friend and physician. Mine has not been a very grateful task, but I am used to it. My patients never thank me for lancing." Thedmore's frank blue eyes rested thoughtfully on his friend's face.

"You are right," he said, slowly. "I can thank you already for my blood-letting. I see my way better."

"What will you do?" asked Dr. La Mar, eagerly.

"Wait and watch. All the best chances in life have come to me that way, and there's no fear of my letting one slip by me. It's not as if I had anything to complain of. Geoffrey is stealing nothing I ever had. All he has is creating as he takes it. I have had something—well, something more like the root and leaves of a bloodroot plant than anything I can think of. There was so much deep color and form, I thought I had all Joan could give any one. Geoffrey had only to blow on buds I never saw, and they are blossoming out exactly as wind-flowers blow open. I have always *felt* that side of her nature—worshiped it in dreamy kind of way, but there was nothing in me to develop it. He is leading her little by little out of my world into another where he is." Dr. La Mar, listening intently, looked with wonder at his friend.

"What does a woman want?" he exclaimed. "Make love to her again, Thedmore. You won her before from many other men; win her over again now. Talk with her—force her back where she was. Of course I never heard you plead with a woman. But I have seen you swaying a jury, word after word, like a hammer on their hearts." Thedmore flung back his head impatiently, with a mirthless laugh.

"You talk like a bachelor. What do the blows of a hammer mean to a woman listening to the whisperings of a wind-harp? All the odds are against me in this struggle. Remember, I am Joan's husband, my dear La Mar. To win and wear is one thing. To wear and win quite another."

"Good God!" cried Dr. La Mar, rising to pace the floor, "and is this the man she forgets for a song-bird?" He paused before Thedmore as if hesitating as to the wisdom of saying what was in his mind. In all respects, both of mind and body, the two were unlike, and this difference was now peculiarly marked. The physician's keen eyes and sharply-cut features were hardening as he waited, and Thedmore looking at him with his wide-open eyes under his broad brows was his very opposite. One was nervous; the other patient strength that could endure all things, but when once motion came it would be as that of the slow-moving glacier on its unswerving way. Unconsciously the physician's manner became that of an advising surgeon to a suffering patient. He spoke coolly, quickly, and with professional terseness. "Then there is but one other course left. Does it appear to you altogether impossible?"

(To be continued.)

## At The End.

UPON a day when flowers blew—

White lily, rose, forget-me-not—

When birds and bees, blithe summer's crew,

Made gay the lawn and garden-plot,

You stood beside me in the glow,

I saw your eyes with laughter gleam :

'Twas ere I ever thought of woe—

Now all my solace is to dream.

I watched you smile, I watched you frown;

Your face was like an April sky.

The fairest form of old renown

Had lost its grace had you been nigh.

You gave to me a tender glance,

I thought it was with love abeam,

It made my blood with rapture dance—

Now all my pleasure is to dream.

My fault it was. Your happy heart

Loved all the world with tender glee,

And I, poor fool! the smallest part,

I thought your love was all for me.

But no lament! Some on life's way

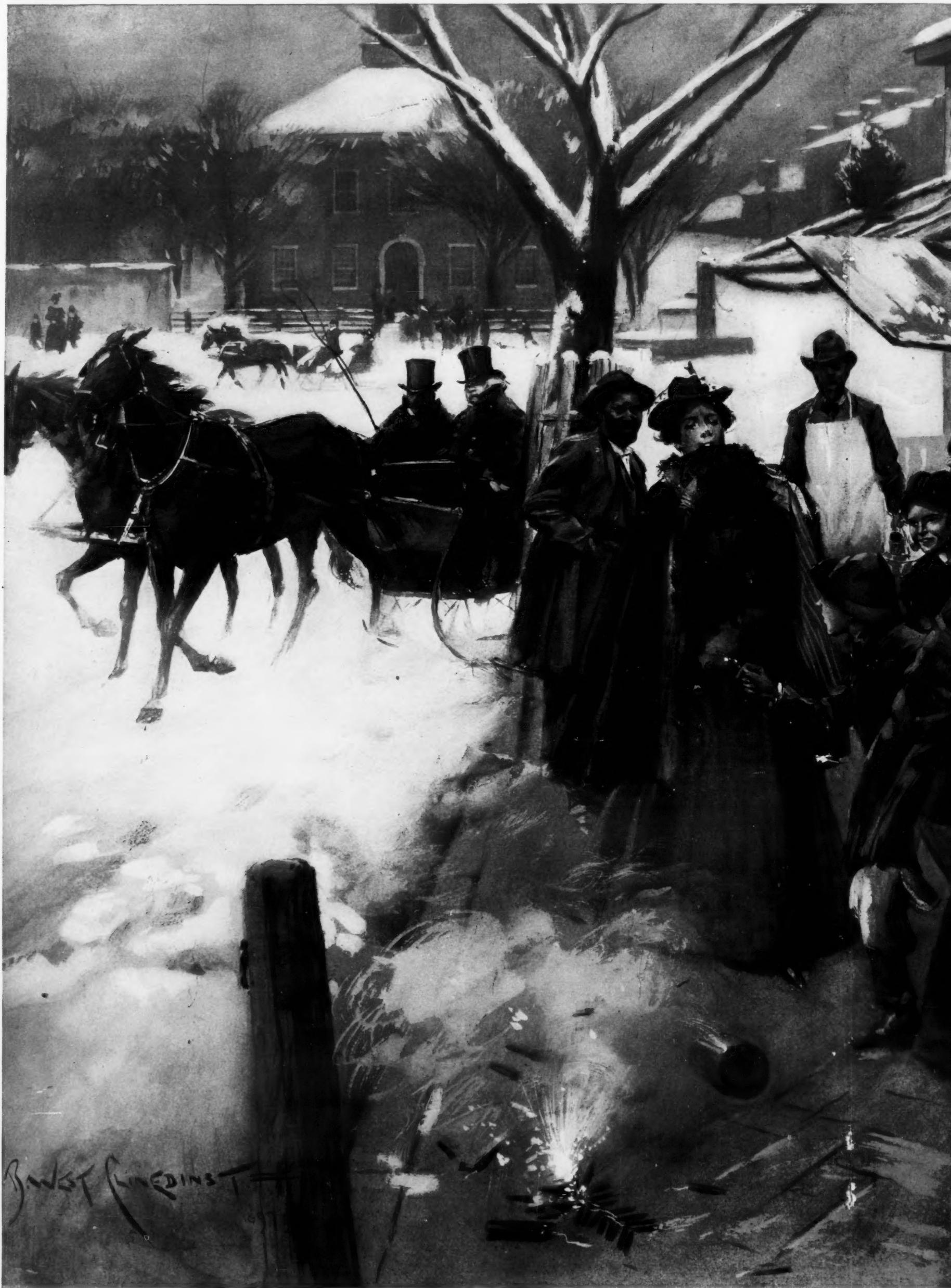
Not one glad hour their woes redeem.

My joy was peerless for a day.

And now for aye I still can dream.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.





## CHRISTMAS DAY IN A VIRGINIA TOWN

It is one of the legendary court-house towns in the Piedmont or the Valley section of the Old Dominion, where there is plenty of snow in winter; where men and things generalize time instead of the Fourth of July. The characteristic elements of that community are represented to the life in Mr. Clinedinst's drawing. Here is the old 'squire, the local representative, in his white apron, looms up in the background. The colored population are out and about, on business and pleasure bent, while in the distance can be seen the inevitable gr



## A VIRGINIA TOWN.

en and things generally have a "befo' de wah" aspect ; and where a reminiscence of secession days survives in the custom of letting off fire-crackers at Christmas-time, the local representative of the F. F. V.'s, passing in his cutter. A couple of townsmen, with their guns, are going to the turkey-shooting. The fried-oyster  
een the inevitable group of idlers about the "cote-house" steps.

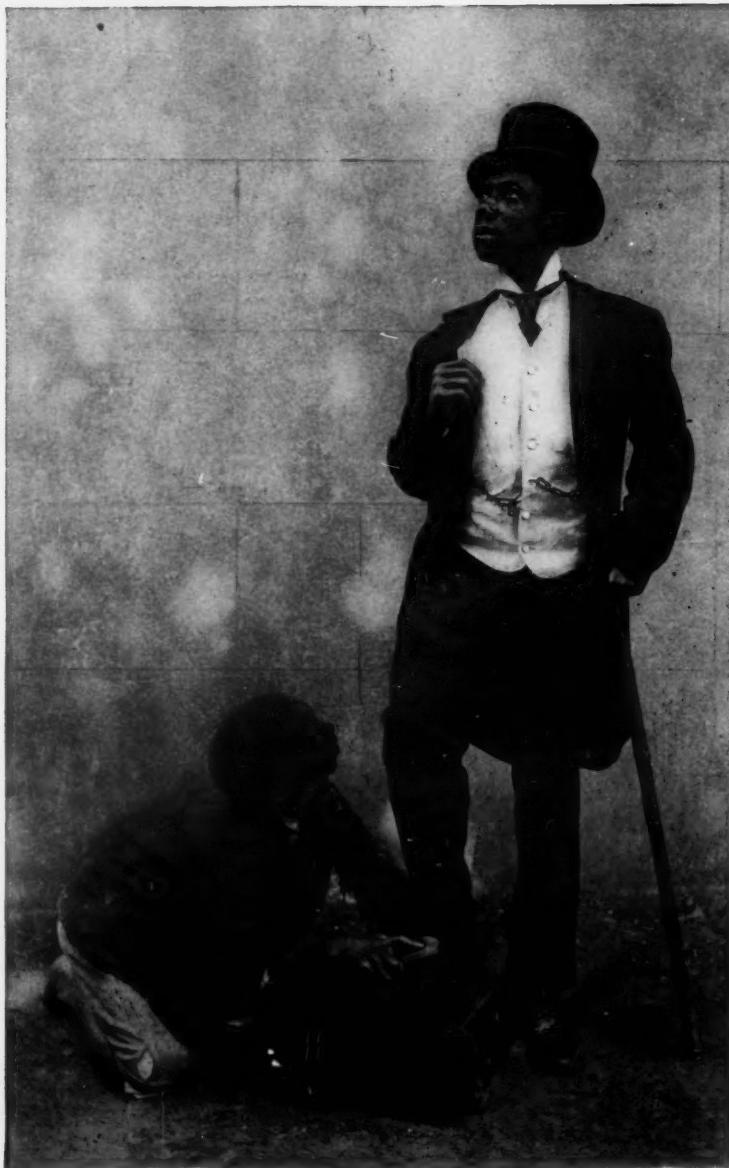
CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF



HAPPY CHILDHOOD KNOWS NO RACE PREJUDICE.



"MY GAL IS A HIGH-BORN LADY."



"THERE'S GOING TO BE A FESTIVAL THIS EVENING."

THE NEW GENERATION DOWN IN DIXIE.  
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PATCHING HIS OUTER CASING.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF  
HIS FIRST NIGHT.

BY GERTRUDE F. LYNCH.

**W**HATEVER Commandments he had found it pleasing and profitable to break, the second clause of the tenth had never assailed him. He had never coveted his neighbor's wife; in fact, nothing belonging to the blessed state of matrimony appeared desirable to him until he met Cecile Stratford. After that, his ideas underwent a radical change. What had before seemed fitting and decorous from his new point of view became improper and inappropriate. The life of peace and bachelordom verging gently into an old age unfretted by domestic cares, in the light of a first and only love, was viewed as a selfish existence offering little to assuage the pangs of inevitable dissolution.

He replaced visions of club fellowship, which included innumerable invitations from unhappily married men, who begged him to fill vacancies at their tables, but really desirous, like the fox in the fable, to induce him to similar execution, with dreams of a happy home when, as Benedick, he would dispense a kind hospitality to his clubmates, and find unattached fellows of good prospects on whom to foist country relatives at parties and at balls.

The first fever of his infatuation he determined to break away from everything. He expressed a rooted abhorrence of stag dinners, denominating them stupid, brutal, noisy. In unmeasured terms he scoffed at the habit some men possessed of imbibing fragrant mixtures at unheard-of hours. He carefully avoided reading the head-lines of newspapers whose sensational columns were filled with the consequences of flirtation and intrigue. Clubs he spoke of as fit places for men who had no homes or expected none; billiards, cards, playing the races, he regarded as so many weapons to slay the hours of the unhappy.

These regenerative resolves took place in the first days of his engagement. When several months, demanded by his discreet fiancée as a period of mutual acquaintance, had rolled over his head, he realized that he had been premature, even hasty, in some of his strictures, and that a man may not love a woman less and yet retain a fair amount of respect for certain institutions which have stood him in good stead in his salad days.

With this thought in mind, he sounded her one night.

He took for his subject a mutual friend whose marital exploits furnished amusement to her friends.

"I think that Bradley woman displays a great lack of sense in keeping her husband so in leash. Why, he isn't the same man. He's scared if you talk to him on the street—looks over his shoulder every minute as if he expected her to dart around the corner and carry him off. Such bad form in a woman, isn't it, dearest?"

Cecile acquiesced gently.

The acquiescence was rather problematic, but he went on.

"Don't you think two people love each other more when they preserve their mutual self-respect and individuality?"

"I am sure they do."

She spoke with spirit, and, taking courage, he deserted preliminaries.

"Now, dear, take our own case." His tone was persuasive. "My only wish is to make you happy—to devote my life to yours. I look forward to our married life as a dream of bliss; always together—except," he sighed, "when duty calls me from you."

Cecile looked credulous. She could look credulous and preserve the expression at the slightest provocation.

He took an envelope from his pocket and struck the tiny tea-table with its sharp edge.

"My club dues—last quarter—the year is up soon. My first impulse was to send in my resignation. Clubs, as I have so often told you, are abhorrent to me; well, perhaps abhorrent is too strong a word, but at least, since our engagement they have become prosaic, sadly prosaic. But I have thought the matter over carefully. Perhaps"—he sighed again—"I might regret it. A good club is necessary to a man—absolutely necessary. I could tell you instances I have come across in my own experience where a man's credit could have been preserved, or his failure arrested, by his membership in a first-class club."

Cecile nodded encouragingly.

"So I have thought it might be better if I could bring myself to appear occasionally at the club. I should need your help, for I could never leave you willingly, but the thought of my duty to you—to our little world—to our future—makes it seem a necessary sacrifice. Do I make it clear?"

He wiped a few drops of perspiration from his brow.

"Perfectly." Cecile spoke thoughtfully. "I have never looked at the subject in that light, but I see exactly what you mean. Of course you are thrown with men of prominence and standing, who can help you."

"So you think it wise?" He moved nearer and, unmindful of the near presence of fragile Balleek and Dresden ware, took both her hands. "You think it wise, dear little girl, that we should not be too selfish in our happiness, and that I should look the fellows up once in a while and talk business and stocks—get into the undercurrent of things!"

"Indeed I do." She leaned over and kissed him on both cheeks. "It is so good, so manly of you, to explain things just as they are. Some men would have sneaked off without a word, but you are not like other men."

He thought of the Bradley woman, and clasped Cecile's hands rapturously. Supposing he was to marry a woman like that, who would keep him in her pocket—or a vapid school-girl, whining at neglect. Thank heaven for his Cecile—an unsuspicious, gentle helpmeet. He concluded it was better to strike while the iron was hot.

"When I say occasionally I mean not too often—say, once a week. I could hardly keep run of things if I went less often. As it is, I expect the boys will guy me unmercifully—they used

to call me the resident member—but what do I care? If they only knew how I grudged the moments I shall have to spend there."

Cecile's cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled.

"It is heart-breaking, but I shall make the sacrifice gladly for your sake. The only happy road in matrimony is that of compromise. How miserable we shall both be, but we must think of our duty and forget the thorns on the rose-bush."

They were married the next week, and the subject was not referred to again for a long time.

Their honeymoon was passed in sight-seeing, and lasted the conventional thirty days. After their return they settled down in a charming apartment and gathered about them a select circle of mutual friends.

Cecile was systematic in her ways. She soon settled the details of housekeeping, and arranged her week so as to afford time for the thousand and one things society and home demanded. In doing this she remembered the conversation about the club.

Let me see—Monday—oh, every one has to rest Monday evening, it takes so long to get over Sunday. Tuesday—my day at home; some one is sure to come in the evening. Wednesday—we dine with his mother. Thursday—I suppose it must be Thursday, but it seems hard not to have one evening after a visit to your mother-in-law.

She spoke to him about it at dinner.

"Will Thursday evening suit you for your club?" and before he could recover from the astonishment into which her question had plunged him she hastened to explain why she had selected that particular evening. He was seriously annoyed, but hid his discomfiture admirably.

From the moment when he kissed her good bye in the morning until he returned at night, his only desire was to be with her in their charming home, enjoying his newly-acquired honors. The artistic apartment; the daintily dressed girl who welcomed him with shining eyes and parted lips; the flowers, the dainty table, the little maid with her snowy cap and apron and her pleasing air of deference, formed a picturesque experience, pleasing as it was novel.

The club! Why had he ever desired it, with its tobacco-imregnated atmosphere, its unhomelike, masculine look?

It would not do to confess his thoughts. He must maintain his dignity. He had made his bed and, uncomfortable as it was, he must lie on it.

"Thursday," he broke a piece of bread reflectively; "that is rather late in the week, but, as you say, it is the first night."

He recollects with a feeling of relief that it was then Friday, which would give him six evenings of delight before he took on his shoulders the responsibility of his undesired freedom.

When the next Thursday came he hoped she had forgotten. He went home with the steps of a laggard. His ring at the bell was less alert than usual, and he forgot to greet the smiling maid. Cecile's first words destroyed any lingering hope.

"I ordered the dinner a little early, dear, so you could get off in good time for the club."

He loitered through the meal in an absent-minded way.

Cecile noticed his abstraction, which he hastened to explain.

"I am perfectly miserable at the thought of leaving you, my darling, all alone. It seems cruel."

Cecile smiled encouragingly. "I knew you would feel that way, and I didn't want to spoil your first night at the club with unpleasant thoughts, so I invited the Claytons over with that pretty cousin of theirs from Richmond. We are going to have a Welsh rarebit."

He remembered the pretty cousin. He had enjoyed a harmless flirtation with her once, and would have liked renewing it, safely sheltered by his marriage certificate.

He abhorred husbands who were always singing their wives' accomplishments, but on one point he abjured his prescribed rule of silence. He maintained to friend and foe alike that if there was one thing Cecile could do better than any one he ever knew, better even than the chef at the club, it was the making of a Welsh rarebit. How adorable she looked as she bent over the chafing-dish, the lace at her sleeves slightly tucked up, the flush on her cheeks, the graceful gestures of mixing and stirring! How he enjoyed hearing her say, "Now, dear, the cayenne," when he would hand it to her with a slight pressure of the fingers unnoticed by the waiting guests, absorbed in the fine frenzy of indecision as to the final outcome, which makes the production of a Welsh rarebit a sublimated affair!

Now some one else, one of the Clayton men, probably, would stand next to her, hand her the pepper, and be the recipient of her grateful smile, while he—he would be out in the cold, alone and forgotten.

He began to feel aggrieved at Cecile. How could she be so happy and light-hearted when their first separation was impending?

She chattered on. "Now I sha'n't sit up for you, so don't hurry home. I know when men get together how time flies. I'll promise not to ask you at breakfast anything about the hour."

If only something would happen to prevent his going; but, linger as he might over his dessert and cigar, the moment came when Cecile, standing with the portière clasped in her jeweled hands, her fair face enframed in her wavy hair, looked coquettishly between the velvet folds and held up her rosy lips for a good-night.

On the sidewalk he met a gay party just entering.

There was a chorus of exclamations. "Now, we sha'n't detain you a moment. Cecile told us you had to tear yourself away and go to the club."

The pretty cousin from Richmond looked bewitching in her fur coat and plumed hat.

"So sorry. Thought we could talk over old times. Do you remember that last golf game? Jolly, wasn't it?"

He remembered he had kissed her in a secluded corner of the casino.

One of the Clayton men broke in:

"We'll see that Cecile don't miss you."

The other one touched his arm and said, significantly:

"By Jove! if I had a wife and home like yours you wouldn't catch me chasing to any old club." While he spoke his eyes sought those of the pretty cousin.

The remark irritated him. Raising his hat, he cut short the conversation and strode down the street.

So he was to be regarded by his contemporaries as a man who deserted a charming wife after six weeks of matrimony. He remembered the significant look that had passed between the second Clayton and the pretty cousin, and wondered if there was anything in it; and if there was, if she would think it necessary to confess the golf incident.

He walked along while he waited for a car to overtake him.

He hoped De Camp would be at the club. He was a good talker; had been in Alaska, and his tales of adventure, though unmitigated lies, were stimulating, and would, perhaps, help him forget his trouble and loneliness. "Not the kind of fellow he'd want to take to his home—"

Strange to catalogue men that way. He had never done so before.

Some one approached, then stopped.

"Brand?"

"How are you, old boy?"

They stood together for a moment, and, having procured a light from his companion, he answered his first question.

"Oh, I thought I'd drop into the club for a few minutes."

"Whew! So soon? Well, you can't teach an old dog new tricks."

He restrained his anger.

"I wanted particularly to see De Camp; thought I might catch him at the club. Is he in town?"

"Oh, he's in town fast enough, but haven't you heard? He's married a dashing widow—Chicago—third trip for each, and you couldn't drag him from his brilliantly illuminated abode if you tried."

He hailed a cable-car, and in his abstraction permitted it to stop before he hurled himself on board and into the lap of a stout woman, who repelled his advances vigorously.

He got off after riding a short distance, walked through to Fifth Avenue, and passed the club before he recovered his presence of mind. Then, retracing his steps, he assumed an air of brisk cheerfulness he was far from feeling, and which was in direct contradiction to his unhappy feelings.

Just about now Cecile was at the piano and they were all singing or dancing, or the Clayton fellows were up to some of their laughably mischievous tricks. He wondered if the cousin from Richmond was *décolletée*. He remembered that her neck was beautiful—not a bone—and with the most delightful curve in the nape where the curls—

What stuff! Yet the picture was painfully realistic.

He bit through his cigar; then threw it away as the door swung open and the glittering teeth and crimson lips of the darky smiled an obsequious welcome.

How could he ever have felt that there was a personal interest in such a greeting? Every man at the club received the same, stereotyped and meaningless.

How different from the smile of the little white-capped maid!

He wished with all his heart that he had in a bag, with a rope about its neck, all the interested friends whose tirades against the exactions of wives, the impossibility of husbands retaining any rights, and the cruelty of women to their consorts, had led him into this grawsome error.

The Bradley woman, whom he had denounced as the type of the outrageous, he suddenly apotheosized. Probably her husband liked his restrictions and did not care to leave home, and what he in his ignorance had believed fear at her unwelcome approach was, no doubt, expectancy and hope.

All women were angels! Men—stupid fools!

Billiards? He shook his head at the questioner. He could not handle a cue with his nerves so unstrung.

He entered the reading-room. A man with deep-set eyes chronically biased looked up and withered him with a sarcastic glance.

In his own home there was no one to complain when his feet met the floor with a more decided step than usual.

The privileges of a club—to pay heavy dues so that homeless men could be comfortable at your expense.

Some one sauntered up to him in a languid way.

"Come on and make a fourth at whist."

Whist? He hesitated a moment, trying to collect his thoughts. Yes, Cecile was no doubt showing her wedding gifts to the pretty cousin from Richmond. How often he had held cabinet-doors open and unlocked treasure-boxes while she displayed her souvenirs to admiring eyes.

"Oh, no, thanks, old chap. You see I'm a little fagged. My head don't feel quite right."

The man looked surprised at his unwonted manner, but made no reply.

"Quarreled with his wife, I suppose," he thought to himself, as he went back to the card-room. "Well, it's about time." After half an hour of steady loss and innumerable cocktails, he confided to the trio that Somers had had an awful row with his wife, and there was some talk of a separation. Which startling statement was happily forgotten before the game was finished.

It must be awfully late. He pulled out his watch.

Half-past ten! Impossible! His watch had lost frightfully.

He compared with Lee. Not a second's variation.

He could not go home before one, and that was three hours hence.

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

How could he put it in? The theatre? Some one might see him and report it afterwards. Such a *contretemps* would be unpleasant, and besides it would necessitate complications of prevarication, and he hated to begin.

He wandered once more through the different rooms; spoke to acquaintances who seemed indifferent to his forced pleasantries; clapped a stranger on the back, mistaking him for a friend, and offered profuse apologies, which were accepted grimly. A silver monomaniac buttonholed him and presented innumerable arguments which he neither refuted nor affirmed. He finally escaped.

What should he do? He was desperate. He could stand the club no longer.

He walked out and turned his face towards Broadway. He wished the stores were open. A gift to Cecile would compensate him, and besides it would take some minutes for selection; but the doors were all closed except those of a small "emporium," which advertised handkerchiefs with Salvation Army mottoes in the corner.

Eleven! An hour and a half! Surely he could return home at half-past twelve, and explain, if she was awake, that the thought of her loneliness—fire—burglars—

He jumped on a car. He would ride down to the Battery; that would take an hour—perhaps more. If he was in luck there might be a blockade or a catch in the cable.

He smiled sardonically at the irony of fate. He was desirous for a slow-moving car, blockades, cable accidents; he who had exhausted vitality in condemning the slow machinery of metropolitan transit. The car dodged around Dead Man's Curve, and he surveyed the clock fronting him.

He became poetical, and likened the leaden minutes to prayers on the rosary of eternity.

There were few passengers beside himself—a man with a baby in his arms, bound for Brooklyn; two East-siders, a policeman, a Chinaman, a Jerseyite who had celebrated and was trying to locate tangled ferry-slips.

He took an intense interest in them all. He learned that the baby's name was "Sammy"; helped the Jerseyite out at Barclay Street and with an air of good-fellowship pointed him towards his destination. He remembered that some one had said you could not tell a Chinaman's age from his face—whether he was eighty or eighteen. He studied the sallow physiognomy, and concluded that the Oriental biographer knew his business. He asked and procured a light from the blue-coated custodian of the public weal, and carefully avoided conversational pleasantries with the East-siders, who turned their attention to the stalwart policeman, whom they chaffed in the mongrel language of Cherry Hill.

Trinity Church steeple loomed up grim and menacing. The electric light shone on the gravestones in the tiny grass plot. He sighed at the brevity of life. He became poetical again; chewed his cigar meditatively; thought of golden bowls broken, silver cords loosed, and decided that the remaining fleeting mo-

ments of his transitory life should be spent in his comfortable home with Cecile by his side; not dodging along in a cable-car at midnight to avoid eating his own rash words.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"Forrard car, there!"

There was no forward car in sight, but he moved out at the gruff command. The car, having dropped him by the wayside, sped on its way maliciously. He did not know where. He felt too dispirited to look after it. He recognized and respected the absolute authority of cable-car conductors, and was only thankful that he was allowed to alight without the assistance of Hibernian toes.

It was then a quarter to twelve. In three-quarters of an hour his freedom would be lost, and he could become a willing slave.

He walked through the park and went to the stone coping, where he could hear the waves murmuring and lashing against the rocky barrier.

In the distance the lights down the bay trembled against the dark sheet of the horizon.

"Move on, there!" and a warning touch was laid on his shoulder. "None of yer suerides. I ain't got no time to be fishin' out wet people."

He turned away from the lapping waves and returned to the street, giving a cigar to the over-zealous watchman, who grinned at the supposed rescue.

Empty of human freight but himself, the car bumped merrily along: past Battery Park, the tall sky-scrappers rising in awe-inspiring height; past the Brooklyn Bridge, with its necklace of lights and its shading of interlaced cables; past the wholesale houses with their Hebrew signs; the dark streets leading into fathomless districts of uncertainty; swirling around curves; tinkling returns of brassy intonations from passing conductors, into the region where night is turned into day, the sleepless eye of the metropolis.

Half-past twelve!

He jumped from the car, nearly knocking down a messenger-boy, whose pockets protruded with manuscript destined for a down-town paper. He gave him a quarter.

His latch-key turned. He breathed a sigh of content.

Heaven? The only heaven he wanted was in a New York apartment-house.

"So early?" and Cecile came out to him, all in white, with bewitching ruffles of lace and ribbons. "Did you have a pleasant evening? Is the club as nice as ever? Were all the boys there? I know you had a good time, you look so pleased."

"It was nice," he murmured mendaciously, as he enfolded her in his arms, "to see the boys, but not even for them shall I leave you again. My duty is here. Don't try to change," and he put a restraining hand over her lips. "I have determined. My first night shall be my last."

Cecile looked credulous.

## The Fin-de-siècle Boy to Santa Claus.

OH, Santa Claus, you've grown effete

And you are not progressive;  
You've grown effete, I must repeat,  
Your slowness is oppressive.  
Your reindeer team is far too slow  
For this electric present;  
You ought to know that you're  
too slow—  
Too slow and obsolescent.

You smoke a pipe; you have no style:

Yes, we protest. St Nicholas,  
You have no style; it stirs our bile  
Your dress is so ridiculous.

Your overcoat is far too loose,

Too ancient-like and shaggy;  
Tis far too loose for any use;  
Your pantaloons are baggy.

And, good old man, you should not fare

Among us modern friskers  
With all the air so filled with hair  
And anarchistic whiskers.

And buy a motorcycle, man,  
To carry 'round your presents;  
Your reindeer herd is too absurd  
And shows your obsolescence.

Don't whittle presents with a knife,

Don't be an ancient tinker.

Join in the strife of modern life

And show yourself a thinker.

Just build a modern factory

(Don't whittle hour by hour)

Twelve stories high into the sky,

Run by electric power.

Construct your presents by machine,

By modern-like appliances,

And don't demean by old routine

This age of arts and sciences.

Just modernize your works and dress,

Or else, we importune you,

Resign (we press) your business

To young St. Nicholas, Junior.

SAM WALTER FOSS.



GENERAL CHORUS—"PROUDY, PROUDY; LOOK AT PROUDY!"

*CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF*



**THE CHILD OF THE GARRET.**

BUILDING AIR CASTLES ON CHRISTMAS EVE.



## THE CHILD OF THE PALACE.

THE STORY OF THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

## The Old, Old Story.

"YES, dearie, Christmas Eve is the one time of all the year that Santa Claus chooses to make his visits to the children of this world, and to place gifts in their stockings. You see, it is a blessed and sacred time, because it is the birthday of our Lord Jesus. When he was born in Bethlehem of Judea, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven years ago, the wise men of the East saw a star, wondrous bright, shining in the heavens above where the Christ-child lay. They hastened to Bethlehem with rich gifts, which were the first Christmas presents. And the first Christmas carol was sung, too, in that 'solemn midnight, centuries ago,' when the angel of the Lord and all the heavenly host took up the joyful strain: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'

"And so, my precious, Christmas came to be the great festival of the world. Every age has added to its legendry and

associations, till now it is the storied 'Merry Christmas' that we are celebrating to-day. When you grow up, and begin to read the great poets, you will see how they have delighted to honor this divine night.

"Some say that ever 'gainst the season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;  
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

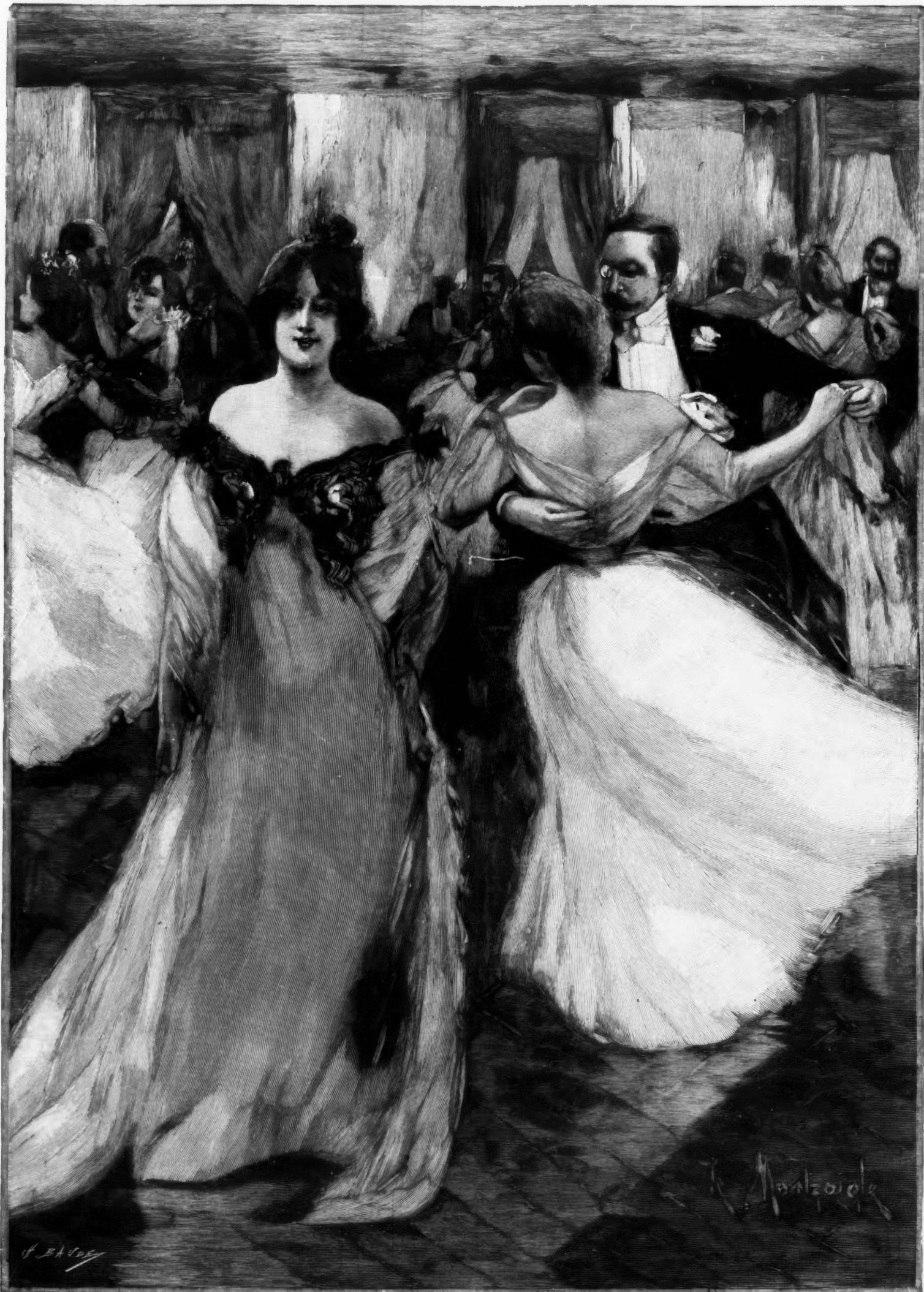
"Well, that means the season is filled with love and kindness. Santa Claus coming down the chimney laden with gifts is only one form or symbol of the sweet, gentle influence which at this time descends from heaven into our hearts.

"Now, you, my darling, have been blessed with the *real* good things of life, as well as with the invisible blessing which

is in the heart. You would not know, if I did not tell you, that many a poor little girl of your age, with the same feelings for pleasure and for pain that you have, is lonesome and cold and destitute. What she calls her home is a cheerless garret. Perhaps she has no mother, nor any one to tell her the story of Christmas, as I am telling it to you. Yet, poor child! she has faith in Santa Claus, and hangs up her little stocking any way, with visions of the grand doll she is sure he would bring her if he only knew his way to the wretched place where she lives.

"Why is this poor child, with so many more, forgotten on Christmas Eve? I don't quite know, my pet; but I think it is so that the fortunate like you and me, may remember them. To give, you know, is more blessed than to receive. When you begin to think of others, and try to share your happiness with them, and relieve them of their sorrows, then, and not until then, will you know the true and happiest meaning of Christmas and its gifts."

*CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF*



THE DÉBUTANTE.

"Where is my partner for this waltz?"



CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF LESLIE'S



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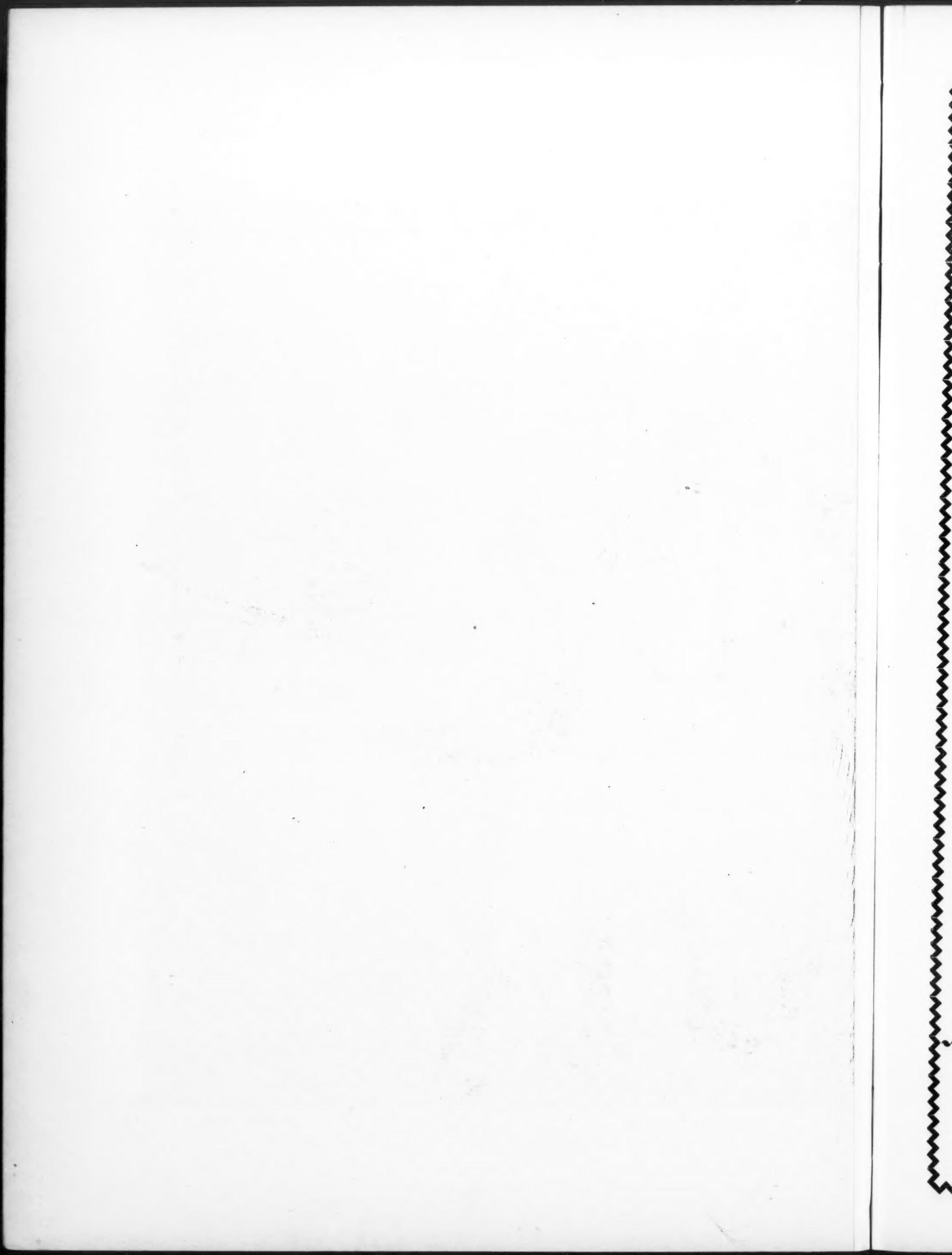
THE GANG.

OF LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



From a painting by J. G. Brown.

GANG.



# DR. J. C. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

## BREAKS UP A COLD IN ONE NIGHT.

SIXTY years of success stand behind that statement of the prompt and reliable action of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the cure of all Coughs and Colds. Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping-Cough and all affections of the throat and lungs yield to this radical remedy. Prominent People of the past and present testify to the truth of these claims.

### WORDS OF WEIGHT AND WISDOM.



HENRY WARD BEECHER  
Cured by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in 1857.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral both in my family and practice, and consider it one of the best of its class for la grippe, coughs, colds, bronchitis, and consumption in its early stages.

W. A. WRIGHT, M. D.,  
Barnesville, Ga.



JENNY LIND  
Testified to the value of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in 1851.

When I had almost despaired of ever finding a cure for chronic bronchitis, I recently derived most excellent results from the administration of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I can testify as to its efficacy, and should be pleased to have you send me the formula of its composition.

R. C. PROCTOR, M. D.,  
Oakland City, Gibson Co., Ind.

My wife and five children were taken down with la grippe, while that disease was so widely prevalent. I dosed them with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and before using quite two bottles my family was restored to health. I know of several obstinate cases of the same complaint which were also cured by this remedy. I consider it the best to be had for all throat and lung disorders.

J. PERMINER, Paulette, Miss.

For fifteen years I was afflicted with lung troubles. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral not only relieved the distress, but entirely cured me.

CARLOS M. FAY, Professor of Anatomy, Cleveland, O.



United States Hotel, Saratoga Springs, July 5, 1849.  
Dr. J. C. Ayer, Sir:—

I have been afflicted with a painful affection of the lungs and all the symptoms of settled consumption for more than a year. I could find no medicine that would reach my case until I commenced the use of your Cherry Pectoral, which gave me gradual relief and I have been steadily gaining my strength till my health is well-nigh restored. While using your medicine I had the gratification of curing with

it my reverend friend, Mr. Truman, of Sumpter District, who had been suspended from his parochial duties by a severe attack of bronchitis. I have pleasure in certifying these facts to you, and am, Sir, Yours respectfully,

J. F. CALHOUN, of South Carolina.



DANIEL WEBSTER  
Wrote an appreciative word for Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in 1853.

and I can congratulate the American people on having not only preparations of such rare excellence, but the men who can invent and make them. I have the honor to be, Sir, your much obliged friend,

W. C. MACREADY.

The best remedy for la grippe that I know of is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

(Rev.) JOHN K. CHASE,  
South Hampton, N. H.

From an experience of over thirty years, I feel justified in recommending Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One of the best recommendations of the Pectoral is the enduring quality of its popularity, it being more salable now than it was twenty-five years ago, when its great success was considered something marvelous.

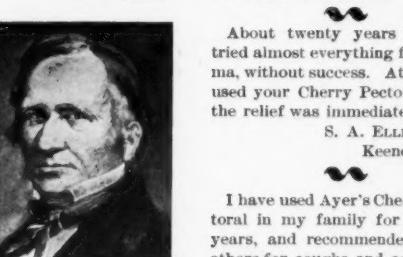
R. S. DRAKE, M. D.,  
Beloit, Kan.

From Edward Hitchcock, M. D., LL.D., etc., President of Amherst College and Geologist for the State of Massachusetts, etc., one of the most eminent learned and widely celebrated scholars of the American States:

Amherst, Mass.,  
Sept. 12, 1849.

Dr. J. C. Ayer, Sir:—

I have used your Cherry Pectoral in my own case of deep-seated bronchitis, and am satisfied, from its chemical constitution, that it is an admirable compound for the relief of laryngial and bronchial difficulties. If my opinion as to its superior character can be of any service, you are at liberty to use it as you think proper.



PREST. HITCHCOCK,  
of Amherst, cured by Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in 1849.

As a specific for croup there is no preparation equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is pleasant, safe and sure.

S. H. LATIMER, M. D.,  
Mt. Vernon, Ga.

New York, May 2, 1849.

Dr. J. C. Ayer, Sir:—

The Cherry Pectoral sent me from Messrs. Ward & Co., by your order, was duly received, and I have great satisfaction in making you my acknowledgments for the favor. It has been repeatedly used by myself and friends with the best success,



HORACE GREELEY  
Indorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in 1858.

with all the other medicines I know of before parting with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. (Hon.) WM. E. MASON, Chicago, Ill.

(Now U. S. Senator.)

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice since 1853, and have always found it reliable for the cure of colds, coughs and all lung diseases.

S. HAYNES, M. D.,  
Saranac, N. Y.

There were sixteen children in my father's family, and there are seven in my own. We have never, since I can remember, been without Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and have never had a case of cold or a cough that this remedy did not cure. I would part

with all the other medicines I know of before parting with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. (Hon.) WM. E. MASON, Chicago, Ill.

(Now U. S. Senator.)

About twenty years ago we tried almost everything for asthma, without success. At last we used your Cherry Pectoral, and the relief was immediate.

S. A. ELLIS,  
Keene, N. H.



EDWIN FORREST  
Expressed his gratitude for Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, 1848.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for twenty years, and recommended it to others for coughs and colds and whooping-cough. Have never known a single case of whooping-cough that it failed to relieve and cure, when its use was continued.

J. C. MIDDLEBROOKS, Brownsville, Ga.,  
Manufacturer and dealer in lumber.



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN  
Found help in Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in 1850.

From the distinguished Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica, Bowdoin College:

Brunswick, Me., Feb. 5, 1847.

Dear Sir:—I delayed answering the receipt of your preparation until I had an opportunity of witnessing its effects in my own family, or in the families of

my friends. This I have now done, with a high degree of satisfaction, in cases both of adults and children. I have found it, as its ingredients show, a powerful remedy for colds and coughs and pulmonary diseases.

PARKER CLEAVELAND, M. D.

## DR. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

Is now put up in half-size bottles at half price, 50 cents.

## The Cecil Cult.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, November 28th, 1897.

NOTHING is more remarkable among the many changes that have crept into this end of the century in England than the growing love for hotel life and its extravagant comforts. Our forefathers knew no hotel save home, and growled and grumbled with rare incision whenever fate led them to "camp out." But half a century ago, it is safe to say, there were no hotels, as we understand the word, at all in London. In course of time, chiefly through the friendly interchange of nations, Englishmen got over their insular prejudices and faced the fact that the *hôtel de luxe* was the future house of the coming race. Then began the great springing up of hotels in London, chiefly round and about Charing Cross; and to crown the series I may justly say the *Cecil Hotel* stands as the highest and most renowned of all these later-day public palaces.

It is one of the recognized delights of London's *haute voiles*, and the cultured visitors of all nations who visit England's capital, to sit, as I am sitting now, on the famous Cecil balcony, by this great bend of the river Thames. Incomparably beautiful is the view over the ever-broadening stream, as it collects its mighty energies together for one last sweep seaward. Far up to the right of the mystic monolith—Cleopatra's Needle—the river curves through Westminster Bridge, past the Houses of Parliament, past Lambeth Palace, until it is lost in the silver distance of Surrey's undulating hills and the towers of Sydenham. To the left it flows past the Temple to where St. Paul's "looks like a bubble over the town," and the grim, square Tower of London makes feeble effort at a sullen frown. There is no view like it in London; none that I know of in all Europe to match it. Whether glistening in sunlight, white with snow, or gleaming at nightfall with myriads of yellow lights, a scattered necklace of yellow topaz, the *Cecil view* is ever unique, and as immortal as the town itself.

After careful inquiry in all that is best, even in our hotel palaces, the most desirable features have been adapted for the *Cecil*. Accordingly the kitchens have been removed far from the living rooms, and the latter arranged in complete suites right up to the top, and those nearest the sky are just as spacious and elegant as those on the ground-floor. The continuity of supply and force is a remarkable feature. There is a continuous and unfailing supply of hot and cold soft water right through the vast structure. There is a continuous supply of electric light; and this hotel was the first to introduce an all-night service of light throughout the vast building. In the great court-yard, surrounded by palms and flowers and the tall white walls, fountains splash idly all day, at night gleaming with magic lights, and ever providing a resting-place for all who desire *al fresco* quiet. As you look at these high-tiled walls you can be serenely conscious that no fear of fire can disturb your rest, for the house is practically made of incombustible materials throughout.

Another interesting picture consists of the balconies partitioned for each separate set of rooms, from which one can admire the ever-changing aspects of the river below. Billiard-rooms, ball-rooms—also suited for private theatricals—hair-dressing saloons, ticket-offices where one may engage accommodation by the "next ocean greyhound" or to a theatre by the nearest hansom—all are to be found on the court-yard level; and, in short, the genius of civilization seems to have come to the *Cecil*, and "come to stay," for in spite of its vast portions it is always crowded.

Now let us return to the restaurant. Here we find the cult of *la haute cuisine* brought to highest perfection, and in spite of numerous first-class restaurants which have multiplied during the past twenty-five years there was yet room for a rendezvous specially adapted to the nice requirements of modern epicures. It is quite the fashion for frequenters of the *Cecil* to take the excellent *déjeuner*, or dinner, in preference to ordering separate dishes, and a host can ask the most fastidious of his friends to eat with him at a moment's notice, conscious that no *plat* will be set before them save such as has received the *cachet* of the culinary authorities—a body of officers much too proud of their art to jeopardize their well-known reputation by the slightest error.

Let us take a peep "behind the scenes" of this temple of gastronomy. Under escort of the great *chef* who made his fame and fortune in the splendid days of the last empire, we pass through a chain of arched caverns, filled with the most perfect culinary devices known to modern science. He has no less than forty-six *sous-chefs* under his command, to say nothing of the lesser rank and file of assistants; and he it is who gives daily and nightly a design to the ever-changing table attractions. He serves in the restaurants alone some five hundred dinners daily, a like proportion of "little suppers," and as he is ever on the alert for something surprising and delightful, he is justly held in high esteem by his patrons. He is particular to a nicety in all matters of minute detail; so much so that if he can't get the exact sort of small white turnip he wants in England he promptly sends to France for it. In his kitchens, or, rather, his laboratories, he works his spells, using gas, coal, and steam as various heat producers. He is lord of the furnaces, who can grill or split smelt as deftly as he could roast a whole ox. The tiniest bit of fantastic *pâtisserie*, the smallest scrap of crystallized fruit on each, and all are made at home by specialists. The carefully-selected food of the day lies in cool grottoes of ice, and as I move from grill to furnace, from kitchen to kitchen, I recognize a master-mind that has complete control of the rival powers of heat and cold. Here you can be as moderate as a monk or as luxurious as Lucullus; can feast or fast with equal pleasure at your will, and play the Spartan or the Sybarite, as your conscience and your appetite dictate. This is the true *Cecil* cult.

Among the habitués of the *Cecil* may be found some of the proudest names in the land. Not only magnates of the nobility, but princes and princesses have come here to enjoy comfort and peace. It is a place where the passing visitor from foreign shores is certain to find important "somebodies" and "personages" of distinction in art and letters. It is a centre where the curious in such matters can see modern life at its best, and though etiquette forbids me to mention names, the visitor to the *Cecil* is certain to find himself in distinguished company.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

## A Luxurious Kaiser.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BERLIN, November 15th, 1897.

THE task of fitting out a vessel like *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* is simply enormous. It is not unlike the furnishing of a large house, but with this difference: a man furnishes his house to suit himself; a steamship company furnishes a boat to suit the public. The fittings of a vessel must stand favorable comparison with those of other vessels in service. No such comparison exists between the fittings of large hotels as exists between transatlantic liners. A hotel's guests have many other things to think about than their immediate surroundings. A ship's passengers take a minute interest in the details of the furnishings, largely because it is one of the diversions of an ocean voyage. Next to the matter of food it is the chief topic of comparison between travelers. All this complicates the problem of fitting out a ship.

Of course it could not be expected that the management of the North German Lloyd should reveal what it costs to fit out such a vessel as *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*. Persons familiar with the prices of household articles of various kinds might figure approximately what the cost would be in this or that department, but no one outside the inner circle of the management knows or can even approximate the cost of fitting out the entire ship.

Here are some of the articles and quantity required in a general way for the largest of the Lloyd's liners. For the first cabin alone there must be four thousand spoons, as many forks and knives, two thousand napkin-rings, five hundred finger-bowls, six hundred salt-cellars, three thousand tumblers, two thousand cups and as many saucers, eight thousand plates of various kinds, and twelve thousand napkins. In the state-rooms are required three thousand blankets, two thousand counterpanes, eight hundred mattresses, twelve hundred pillows, nine thousand sheets, fifteen hundred bath-towels, and twelve thousand other towels. It will surprise many to know that about forty thousand yards of carpet were necessary to fit out the ship. When one considers that a second cabin requires from one-half to two-thirds as many articles as the first cabin, and that in these days there is very little difference in the quality of the articles used in the two cabins, one can see the addition there must be to cost and quantity in the furnishing of the second cabin. There are certain required supplies for the steerage, but in quantity and quality they are a small matter compared with the other fittings of the ship.

But the supplies do not stop with the cabins. The kitchen and pantry supplies and fittings are more elaborate than any hotel requires. The list of implements required in these departments contains hundreds of items. Every variety of cooking utensil is supplied. Every kind of household article of known utility is purchased. In addition to all these, every ship contains two kinds of supplies that no hotel ever has. One of these is the outfit for a hospital, and the other is the outfit for an apothecary's shop. The list of surgical instruments alone occupies several pages of the outfitting schedule. The same is true as regards the apothecary outfit. Besides all these, the butcher's shop outfit and that of the baking department are more complete than that of a great hotel.

A ship like *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* carries sixteen hundred passengers across the ocean. There is probably no hotel in the world that frequently has any such number of guests for a week at a time. It must be remembered, also, that these guests are of three classes, the first and second cabins and the steerage. This brings problems that no hotel is called upon to meet, not only in supplying food, but in supplying the furnishings. Almost every article that can be imagined to be of use in a hotel or private house is included in the list of supplies. The list ranges from beer-mallets to pianos; from cheese-scops to "paste-jiggers"; from dish-washing machines to dice-boxes; from dark lanterns to costly stationery; from a printing-press to a fire-proof safe.

The supplies for the physical comfort and necessities of sixteen hundred passengers and a crew of five hundred men on a ship may be measured by the ton. Sixteen and one-half tons of beef, for instance, are often used on one voyage.

The supplies consist of two general kinds, those for the ship itself and those for the passengers and crew. The chief supplies for the ship are coal and water. About four thousand tons of coal are put on board for every voyage, and about one hundred and seventy tons of water for cooking and drinking purposes. In addition to this amount of water, about sixty tons are made a day on board by the evaporators, from sea-water. This water is largely used for cleaning purposes. The water for cooking and drinking is taken from the ordinary water supplies of New York and Bremen. There are hundreds of items for the engine-room and the other departments of the ship that require replenishing for every trip.

When it comes to food and drink the ingenuity of Director Bremermann and his trusted stewards, Messrs. Rieken, Völler, and others, is exercised to the utmost. It is customary on all ocean steamships for the steward to keep an accurate account of all articles used from day to day. When a ship reaches port the steward has a report in tabular form showing the amount and kinds of food used every day, and also showing how much there is in store. A day or two before the ship leaves port again the number of passengers that will probably sail on the ship is figured up, and the ship's steward makes requisition on the port steward for supplies for the trip. A list of nearly twelve hundred articles is used in making this requisition. The port steward sends his order to the firms that supply the line, and arranges for the delivery of the goods at certain hours. These supplies are generally delivered when the pier is not blocked with wagons delivering freight. After certification has been made that certain articles and quantities have been delivered to a certain ship, the port steward approves the bills, and then they go to the business department for payment. As the North German Lloyd buys for cash, it naturally results in a great saving at times.

Few persons realize the variety of supplies required. For example, no less than fifteen kinds of cheese are used. Fish in fully a hundred grades and forms is stowed away. In the list of fruits, dried, fresh, and canned, there are at least one hundred and twenty-five varieties. The same is true of vegetables. Each ship carries a meat supply for its outward and homeward trip. A fresh supply of fish, of

course, is purchased in each port. But it will be news to most readers that all the ice-cream required for a round trip is put on board the ships in New York.

To give a list of supplies required would be to repeat the items of an inventory of a wholesale grocery store. The wine-list includes every article that is in general demand, and many that are called for on shore only occasionally. The lists of supplies needed must be gone over minutely, and everything required must be delivered promptly. There is no way of telephoning at sea to your wholesale grocer or meat dealer to send a supply of some important article which was overlooked in the order. Here is part of what is required in the way of supplies when this ship is crowded: Thirty-five thousand to forty thousand pounds of beef, eight thousand pounds of mutton, three thousand six hundred pounds of veal, pork, and corned beef, ten thousand pounds of sausage, tripe, liver, calves' head, calves' feet, sweet-breads, and kidneys, twenty-five hundred pounds of fresh fish, twenty thousand clams and oysters, four hundred and fifty tins of preserved fruits, two hundred and fifty tins of jam and marmalade, two hundred large bottles of pickles and sauces, eight hundred pounds of coffee, three hundred and fifty pounds of tea, three hundred and fifty pounds of potted fish, three hundred fresh lobsters, four thousand pounds of moist sugar, sixteen hundred pounds of lump sugar, eight hundred quarts of ice-cream, four thousand pounds of butter of various grades, eighteen tons of potatoes, seven tons of other vegetables, eighteen thousand eggs, twelve hundred chickens and ducks, and three thousand birds of different kinds. Lard by the ton is used, and frequently as many as one hundred and sixty barrels of flour are consumed.

To itemize the wines and other liquors, champagne, claret, mineral waters, beer and ales, tobacco and cigars would fill another column of this paper. But it would be most interesting to compute the consumption of food and drink for a year by the passengers and crews of the North German Lloyd's entire fleet. Here is a chance for some newspaper aspirant, provided he is young and perfect in mathematics.

While all this and more has been done for the traveler's physical comfort, the managing director, Dr. Wiegand, himself a learned gentleman, has wisely provided one of the finest libraries ever arranged for an ocean liner. The library on *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* is, indeed, the brightest star in the Lloyd's well-deserved reputation, and comprises nearly two thousand volumes. In addition to the best and most familiar German authors, there is an English-American reference library of one hundred volumes: complete works of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Irving, Lowell, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Parkman, Motley, Prescott, Holmes, and Cooper, and many miscellaneous writers of fiction; fifty volumes of poetry, British and American; one hundred and seventy volumes of history, biography, and one hundred miscellaneous volumes, including essays, critical, humorous, and scientific. It has usually been the custom to leave the matter of a steamship library to accident. Some companies content themselves with applying a small annual sum to the maintenance of a library, and requesting passengers to leave behind them such books as they do not especially value. A specially selected library of standard works and current fiction is a rare thing to find aboard ship.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

## Spring in Lucerne.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LUCERNE, December 5th, 1897.

THIS handsome city of huge hotels and showy shops has just closed one of the most successful seasons in its unrivaled history, and over ten million dollars has been spent here during the past four months by the *fine fleur* of England and America, together with the *haute mond* of continental society. "We have been turning away money from the doors," said the genial proprietor of the *Schweizer Hof* to me, as we were standing on the broad veranda of that incomparable house, overlooking the magnificent lake of Lucerne—a delight of tourists and troubadours. Its perfect tranquillity and restfulness, the purity of its exhilarating air, and the varied beauties of the lofty mountain range by which it is surrounded on every side are ever new, ever delightful, and to me, for the tenth time, perhaps, as enchanting as when I first stood in mute reverence before this incomparable picture of indefinable nature.

The aspect of Lucerne and its *entourage* is so romantic, its quietude so complete, and its climate so temperate—the lake has never yet been known to freeze, even during exceptionally severe winters—that one cannot help wondering why it is devoid of a larger residential colony than it now possesses. The early spring, which is one of its most attractive features, is, perhaps, less known to the average tourist, who, as a rule, rushes through space—chiefly in high summer—and thus misses the beauty of early spring. It is then we can enjoy here the fragrance of rich amaranths; the gigantic camellia-bushes are clustered over with wild flowers, blooming in the open. This romantic region is an unique picture not found in any other part of this continent.

In these days of "European trips," when, as a rule, our people rush to the shores of the Mediterranean in the early months of the year, I would strongly advise the pleasure-seeker, but more particularly those desirous to recuperate physically, instead to try this fair spot when spring's awakening clothes the earth in a raiment of vernal leaf and blossom, and gladdens the eyes of every beholder of nature's bright and beautiful work. Thus in the early part of February, when the snow-drop dells have sparkled in a raiment of wondrous apparel, we shall see that beautiful tricolor of gold, white, and blue wave over fields and woodland glades, when the daisy and the blue hyacinth bells come forth to grace the bridal days of their floral green.

At no time of the year need the tourist apprehend a lack of accommodation in Lucerne. The best Parisian or London hotel comforts—and our own Waldorf not excepted—cannot surpass the capacity of the *Schweizer Hof*, and few on this continent equal it. It stands unrivaled and supreme in its own country, and its natural advantages, in the way of picturesque location and surroundings, constitute a perfect picture. Although nestling at the foot of snow-capped Alps, as it were, and geographically a long distance from Madison Square, Piccadilly, or the Place de l'Opéra, still we find in its sumptuous halls and elegantly-appointed rooms the latest innovations of science and art; the most convenient arrangements for our physical and mental comfort.

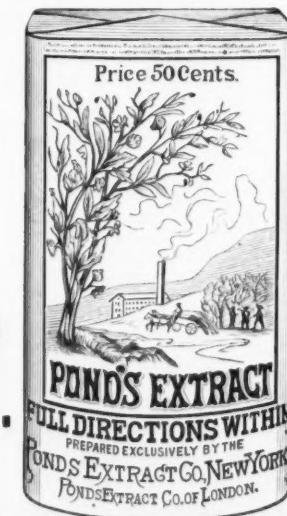
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THUS it affords endless delight and instruction, besides enabling one to keep priceless mementoes of friends—perhaps the sound of the voice that is still.

The Graphophone makes it possible to have in the home at any time, the music of splendid bands and orchestras, songs sung by famous singers, or any of the pleasures that appeal to the ear.

It is, however, a perfect recording and reproducing machine. Its performances are not limited to reproducing records sold for amusement purposes.

YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS.

GRAPHOPHONES are sold for \$10 and up.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE B. C.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO.,  
DEPT. B. C.

NEW YORK—1155, 1157, 1159 Broadway.  
PARIS—34 Boulevard des Italiens.  
CHICAGO—211 State Street.  
ST. LOUIS—720-722 Olive Street.

PHILADELPHIA—1032 Chestnut Street.  
WASHINGTON—919 Pennsylvania Avenue.  
BALTIMORE—110 E. Baltimore Street.  
BUFFALO—313 Main Street.



"Mamma takes O-H because she's tired. I'm tired, too."

The mother should never grow old to her children. O-H Extract of Malt helps her keep young by giving her restful sleep, quiet nerves, and good digestion.

If your druggist or grocer does not sell our extract, on receipt of \$2.00 we will send you one case (12 bottles) F. O. B., New York City.

Send for pamphlet.

OTTO HUBER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## Dangerous Experiments.

Many Persons Become  
Totally Deaf,

While Others Lose Their Sense of  
Taste and Smell.

Attempting the Cure of Catarrh with Liquids,  
Sprays and Atomizers the Cause—Few,  
if Any, Are Ever Cured.

Will the people ever become convinced of the danger and risk of treating Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Asthma with liquid medicines forced into the delicate air-passages by powerful sprays and atomizers? During the past year there has been a constant demand in this city alone for the treatment of these diseases, and it has been a waste of time and money on the part of the public, as *not fitly persons can be found in this city today* who will testify that they have been cured, while on the other hand the number who have become *totally deaf* through this abuse of the air-passages is appalling.

### Is There Then No Relief for the People?

We believe there is, but can only say this for the benefit of suffering humanity.

There is just one treatment indorsed by the physicians.

There is one treatment which does not require the use of sprays and atomizers.

There is one treatment which the manufacturers have enough confidence to guarantee.

This is the Australian Dry Air method of curing Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Rose Cold, and Hay Fever.

### IT CURES BY INHALATION.

There is no danger, no risk. Your money is refunded if it fails to relieve.

"Hyomei" Inhaler Outfit, \$1.00. Extra Bottles "Hyomei," 50c. "Hyomei" Balm, a wonderful healer, 25c. Can be obtained of your druggist, at office, or by mail.

R. T. BOOTH CO.,  
23 East 20th Street, NEW YORK.

## For Xmas Presents

*Suyler's*  
EVERY TIME  
JUSTLY CELEBRATED  
BONBONS  
CHOCOLATES

Large Assortment  
of Fancy Boxes  
and Baskets.  
By mail or express.  
863 Broadway,  
New York.

CANDIES SENT EVERYWHERE BY MAIL OR EXPRESS.

# MICHIGAN CENTRAL

THE NIAGARA FALLS  
ROUTE



A FIRST CLASS LINE  
FIRST CLASS TRAVEL

PAST NIAGARA FALLS  
THROUGH THE MOHAWK VALLEY  
DOWN THE HUDSON RIVER  
THROUGH THE BERKSHIRE HILLS

## To THE EAST

FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS  
O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. AND T. AGT., CHICAGO, ILL.

Highest  
Award  
WORLD'S  
FAIR.  
**SKATES**  
CATALOGUE FREE.  
BARNEY & BERRY, Springfield, Mass.

### WINNING ITS WAY.

By reason of superior equipment (magnificent in every detail), limited express time, *à la carte* dining-car, and, in fact, all that goes to make an up-to-date traveling palace.

The *Black Diamond Express* between New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls is commanding attention from the traveling public, to whom it is so successfully catering.

Then, too, the Lehigh Valley Railroad operate three express trains daily, New York, Philadelphia, to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, and the West.

These trains are standard equipment, vestibuled throughout. Pullman sleeping- and parlor-cars, dining-cars *à la carte*. Pintsch gas, modern in every particular, second only to the *Black Diamond Express*.

Write for descriptive matter to Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

**ABBOTT'S Angostura Bitters** do the work. You don't know how. But eating's a pleasure, and you feel like play. Abbott's is the original.

The superiority of the Sohmer Pianos is recognized and acknowledged by the highest musical authorities, and the demand for them is steadily increasing in all parts of the country.

EVERY Christmas Table should have a bottle of Dr. Sieger's *Angostura Bitters*. Greatest Appetizer.

**Advice to Mothers:** Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

Price has been reduced on the original old-fashioned Dobbins' Electric Soap, so that it can now be bought at 8 cents a bar, two bars for 15 cents. Quality same as for last 33 years, "best of all." Ask your grocer for it.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

### OLD POINT COMFORT AND WASHINGTON.

**HOLIDAY TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.** On December 28th the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run the first of a series of personally-conducted tours to Old Point Comfort and Washington. The party will travel by the Cape Charles route to Old Point Comfort, where one day will be spent; thence by boat up the Potomac to Washington, spending two days at that point. Round-trip rate, including transportation, meals *en route*, transfers, hotel accommodations, berth on steamer, and all necessary expenses, \$22.00 from New York; \$21.00 from Trenton; \$19.50 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates from other points. At a slight additional expense tourists can extend the trip to Virginia Beach, with accommodations at the Princess Anne Hotel.

Tickets to Old Point Comfort only, including one and three-fourths days' board at that place, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold in connection with this tour at a rate of \$16.00 from New York, \$15.00 from Trenton, \$14.00 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information, apply to ticket-agents; Tourist Agent, 1106 Broadway, New York; or George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

## WATCHES, DIAMONDS, And Fine Jewelry.

**BENEDICT BROTHERS**, of Broadway and Cortlandt Street, have for the HOLIDAYS a fine and carefully-selected stock of choice Diamonds and other Gems. Fine Gold Jewelry, Sterling Silver Goods, etc. Attention is called to our several grades of TIME KEEPING WATCHES, all made especially for our house and bearing our name.

### EVERY WATCH GUARANTEED!

"THE BENEDICT"  
Perfect Collar and Cuff Button.  
END VIEW SIDE VIEW  
In Gold, extra heavy Rolled Gold, and Sterling Silver.

"NOTE": The GENUINE BENEDICT BUTTON has the name "BENEDICT" and date of patent stamped upon it. A set of four makes an acceptable present!

**Benedict Brothers,  
JEWELERS,**  
Broadway and Cortlandt St., N. Y.

### PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind Ulcerated and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Sold by druggists; sent by mail, 50c, and \$1.00 per box. WILLIAMS MFG CO., Cleveland, O.

## DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY

FREDERICK GLASSUP Sole Agent for the U.S. 22 W. 24TH ST., NEW YORK

## WE PAY POST- AGE.

All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

It will remove irritations, pimples, impurities, clean the scalp, beautify the skin and **CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP** (Persian Healing) as well as being a most delightful soap for the every day toilet and bath.

Sold by druggists. 4

## TEA SET FREE

or Watch, Clock, or Toilet Set, with 20 pounds COCKATOO TEAS and a handsome present with every pound. Great inducements. Send for our new illustrated premium and price list.

**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,**  
31 and 33 Vesey St., New York. P. O. Box 289.

### LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 30th day of November, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named streets in the TWENTY-THIRD WARD-CHEEVER PLACE, from Mott Avenue to Gerard Avenue, EAST 158TH STREET, from Morris Avenue to Railroad Avenue. TWENTY-FOURTH WARD-HOLLY STREET, from Mount Vernon Avenue to the northern boundary of the city of New York. HYATT STREET, from Mount Vernon Avenue to the northern boundary of the city of New York. EAST 187TH STREET, from the New York and Harlem Railroad to Marion Avenue. ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, November 30th, 1897.

PROPOSALS for Fresh Cow's Milk will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Thursday, December 23d, 1897. For particulars, see "City Record."

PROPOSALS for Meats will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Thursday, December 23d, 1897. For particulars, see "City Record."

PROPOSALS for Condensed Cow's Milk will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Thursday, December 23d, 1897. For particulars, see "City Record."

PROPOSALS for Five Thousand Tons Coal will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Thursday, December 23d, 1897. For particulars, see "City Record."

PROPOSALS for Fresh Fish, etc., will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Thursday, December 23d, 1897. For particulars, see "City Record."

PROPOSALS for Poultry will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Thursday, December 23d, 1897. For particulars, see "City Record."

PROPOSALS for Twelve Hundred Tons White Ash Coal will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Thursday, December 23d, 1897. For particulars, see "City Record."

PROPOSALS for Groceries, Provisions, etc., will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Tuesday, December 21st, 1897. For particulars, see "City Record."

PROPOSALS for Seven Thousand Eight Hundred Barrels Flour will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Tuesday, December 21st, 1897. For particulars, see "City Record."

### WASHINGTON.

**HOLIDAY TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.** DECEMBER 28th is the date selected for the personally-conducted holiday tour of the Pennsylvania Railroad to Washington. This tour will cover a period of three days, affording ample time to visit all the principal points of interest at the national capital, including the new Congressional Library. Round-trip rate, covering all necessary expenses for the entire time absent, transportation, hotel accommodations, guides, etc., \$14.50 from New York, \$13.50 from Trenton, and \$11.50 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates from other points. Persons who desire may return by way of Gettysburg, and spend two days at that point, by purchasing tickets at \$2.00 additional, which include this privilege.

### SPECIAL TEACHERS' TOUR.

A special teachers' tour, identical with the above, will be run on the same date. Tickets for this tour, covering all necessary expenses, including accommodations at the National Hotel, Willard's Hotel, or the Hotel Regent, \$2.00 less than rates quoted above.

For itineraries and full information, apply to ticket-agents; Tourist Agent, 1106 Broadway, New York; or address George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

### PROPOSALS FOR

# \$6,243,070.55

OF

## 3½% Bonds and Stock

OF THE

### CITY OF NEW YORK.

Exempt from Taxation by the City and County of New York.

Principal and Interest Payable in Gold.

EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, GUARDIANS, AND OTHERS HOLDING TRUST FUNDS ARE AUTHORIZED BY AN ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE PASSED MARCH 14, 1889, TO INVEST IN THESE BONDS AND STOCK.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED by the Comptroller of the City of New York, at his office, No. 280 Broadway, in the City of New York, until

Tuesday, the 14th day of December, 1897,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

for the whole or a part of the following-described REGISTERED BONDS AND STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, bearing interest at three and one-half per cent. per annum, to wit:

**\$1,750,000.00** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS "ADDITIONAL DOCK BONDS." Principal payable Nov. 1, 1928. Interest payable May 1 and Nov. 1.

**2,673,240.07** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN AS "SCHOOL-HOUSE BONDS." Principal payable Nov. 1, 1916. Interest payable May 1 and Nov. 1.

**919,830.48** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, STREET AND PARK OPENING FUND STOCK. Principal payable November 1, 1918. Interest payable May 1 and November 1.

**900,000.00** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK FOR REPAVING STREETS AND AVENUES. Principal payable November 1, 1918. Interest payable May 1 and November 1.

### CONDITIONS

provided by Section 146 of the New York City Consolidation Act of 1882, as amended by Chapter 108 of the Laws of 1897:

No proposal for bonds or stock will be accepted for less than the par value of the same.

Each bidder must deposit with the Comptroller in money, or by a certified check drawn to the order of the said Comptroller upon a State or National bank of the City of New York. Two Per cent. of the amount of the proposal, including premium. No proposal will be received or considered which is not accompanied by such deposit. All such deposits will be returned by the Comptroller to the persons making the same within three days after decision as to the highest bidder or bidders has been made, except the deposit or deposits made by such highest bidder or bidders. If said highest bidder or bidders shall refuse or neglect, within five days after the service of written notice of award to him or them, to pay to the Chamberlain of the City of New York the amount of the stock or bonds awarded to him or them at their par value, together with the premium thereon, if any, less the amount deposited by him or them, the amount of such deposit or deposits shall be forfeited to and be retained by the City of New York as liquidated damages for such refusal or neglect.

The Comptroller, with the approval of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, shall determine what, if any, part of said proposals shall be accepted, and upon the payment into the City Treasury of the amounts due by the persons whose bids are accepted, respectively, certificates thereof shall be issued to them as authorized by law.

The proposals, together with the security deposits, should be inclosed in a sealed envelope, indorsed "Proposals for Bonds of the Corporation of the City of New York," and then inclosed in a second envelope, addressed to the Comptroller of the City of New York.

For full information see "The City Record."

### ASHBEL P. FITCH,

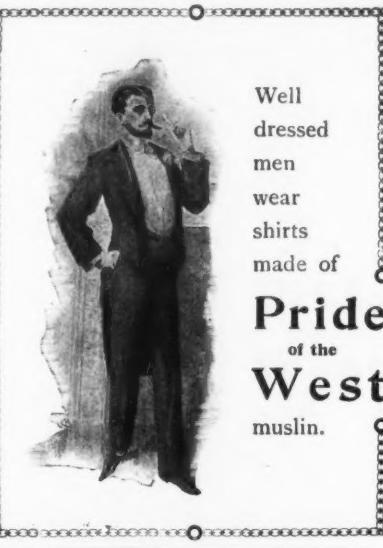
Comptroller.

City of New York—Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, December 6th, 1897.

### LEGAL NOTICE.

#### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Proposals for furnishing materials and performing work in the erection of Hall of Records Building in New York City, pursuant to Chapter 59, Laws of 1897, as amended by Chapter 793, Laws of 1897, will be received at the office of the Mayor in the City Hall, in the City of New York, until Tuesday, December 14th, 1897, at 12 o'clock M. For further particulars see "The City Record."



If your Dealer does not keep them, Order DIRECT from us.

Special Christmas Package, 25 in a box, makes a handsome Christmas present. Price \$2.00, mailed, postpaid.



### LEGAL NOTICE.

#### OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

No. 150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

ATTENTION OF CONTRACTORS, MANUFACTURERS OF STRUCTURAL IRON, BRIDGE-BUILDERS, and others is called to an advertisement in the "City Record" for the construction of a STEEL VIADUCT AND APPROACHES over and upon 12th Avenue, from near 127th Street to near 135th Street, in the City of New York.

CHARLES H. T. COLLIS, Commissioner of Public Works.

At 29 E. 20th St., Ste. 100, on convenient evenings.

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At

**Good Fellows!**  
**Christmas Gift!**  
What will do more for  
Christmas cheer than

**HUNTER**  
**BALTIMORE RYE**

AS A PRESENT —  
TO A BOON COMPANION,  
AN INVALID FRIEND, OR  
AN AGED RELATIVE . . .

Because  
It is Pure and Cheering, it is the choice  
of Clubs, Cafés, Families.  
It is Mellow and Delightful.

"Drink HUNTER RYE. It is pure."

AN ANALOGOUS NAME.

TRIVET—"Some persons call an air-ship a sky-cycle."

Dicer—"Well?"

Trivet—"If that is a correct term, why shouldn't an ice-wagon be called an icycle?"—*Christmas Judge*.

TOO EXPENSIVE.

"I'm going to give my wife some money and let her buy her own present this year."

"I've tried that."

"Wasn't it a good thing?"

"No; she bought a dress that had to be made and trimmed."—*Christmas Judge*.

FROM JUDGE'S DICTIONARY.

ACE—An important factor in an American game called poker. Four aces at certain crises are by many considered a direct intervention of Providence.—*Christmas Judge*.

THE HUMAN PARADOX.

It's peculiar, but the thing a person really needs is just the thing not to give him.—*Christmas Judge*.

During the Past Fifty Years

Mrs. WINSLOW's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

In Sweetness and Power  
of Tone, Beauty of Design,  
and Strength of Construction

"BAY STATE"

GUITARS,  
MANDOLINS,  
BANJOS,  
ZITHERS, and  
FLUTES

are equalled by no other American instruments. Lowest in price of any strictly high-grade instruments. 27 AWARDS. Send for Catalogues. Mention LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

JOHN C. HAYNES & CO.,  
453 to 463 Washington St.,  
BOSTON.

\$100.00 IN GOLD!

Is the value of the new book "THE SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE," written by JOHN COWAN, M.D., to every thoughtful Man and Woman. It has received the highest testimonies and commendations from leading medical and religious critics; has been endorsed by all the leading philanthropists, and recommended to every well-wisher of the human race.

To all Who are Married,

Or are contemplating marriage, it will give information worth HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS, besides conferring a lasting benefit not only upon them, but upon their children. Every thinking man and woman should study this book. Any person desiring to know more about it before purchasing it, may send to us for our 16-page descriptive circular, giving full and complete table of contents. It will be sent free by mail to any address. The following is the table of contents:

Chapter I.—Marriage and its Advantages. Chapter II.—A Man and a Woman. Chapter III.—The Law of Choice.

Chapter IV.—Love Analyzed. Chapter V.—Qualities the Man should Avoid in Choosing. Chapter VI.—Qualities the Woman should Avoid in Choosing. Chapter VII.—The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Woman. Chapter VIII.—The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Man. Chapter IX.—Amativeness and Use of the Male Organ. Chapter X.—The Law of Conception. Chapter XI.—The Law of Continence. Chapter XII.—Children—Their Desirability. Chapter XIII.—The Law of Genius. Chapter XIV.—The Conception of a New Life. Chapter XV.—The Physiology of Inter-Uterine Growth. Chapter XVI.—Period of Gestation's Influence. Chapter XVII.—Pregnancy—Its Signs and Duration. Chapter XVIII.—Disorder of Pregnancy. Chapter XIX.—Confinement. Chapter XX.—Management of Mother and Child after Delivery. Chapter XXI.—Period of Nursing Influence. Chapter XXII.—Foetidise. Chapter XXIII.—Diseases Peculiar to Women. Chapter XXIV.—The Law of Maternal Care. Chapter XXV.—Maternal Care. Chapter XXVI.—Sterility and Impotence. Chapter XXVII.—Subjects of which More might be Said. Chapter XXVIII.—A Happy Married Life—How Secured.

The book is a handsome 8vo, and contains 300 pages, with 200 illustrations, and is sold at the following prices: English cloth, gilt side and back, \$3.50; leather, library style, \$3.50; half-bound, \$2.50; marbled edges, \$4.

It is sent by mail, securely sealed, to any address, on receipt of price. Send money by P. O. Money Order, or Registered Letter at our risk. AGENTS WANTED, to whom we offer liberal terms. Send all orders and applications for agency to J. S. OGILVIE, Publisher, 76 Rose St., New York.

KULL & CO.,  
IMPORTERS  
AND TAILORS.

18 East 20th St.,  
NEW YORK.

We make the most faithful wearing and up-to-date fitting

Clothes  
for  
Ladies  
and  
Gentlemen,

and keep them in repair  
one year free of charge.

We thoroughly shrink  
our cloth, so garments  
will always hold shape.  
We guarantee full satis-  
faction. Our prices are  
as low as can be, consist-  
ent with quality. Solici-  
ting your patronage, we  
are Resp'y yours,

KULL & CO.,  
Importing Tailors,  
18 E. 20th St.

Altering, Repairing and  
Dyeing done promptly.

THE BEST HOME GAME

Adapted for either Children or Adults.

PRICES: Paper Bound, \$1 each; Cloth Bound,  
\$2 each. Mailed, postpaid, on  
receipt of price.

PARCHEESI

THE

ROYAL GAME OF INDIA.

No Household Complete, No Home Happy Without It.

No Parlor Table Game has ever been pub-  
lished which has had so great a sale. For  
twenty years the best families have had it in  
their homes, and so enjoyed it that now it is  
always called for when the question arises,  
"What shall we play?"

Sold by all leading Book, Stationery, Toy and  
Department Stores, or mailed, postpaid, by

SELCHOW & RIGTER,

390 Broadway, New York.

"Just hear dem bells,  
Deys' ringing everywhere."  
3+  
THEY HAVE A TONE  
THAT'S ALL THEIR OWN  
FREE  
CARMEL  
SOAP  
Made in  
Palestine,  
Syria.  
An Absolutely Pure Olive Oil Soap  
for  
Nursery, Toilet and Bath.  
Sold by Druggists and Grocers. Imported by  
A. KLIPSTEIN & CO., 122 Pearl St., New York.

History made LIBERTY BELL  
honored and loved. Sweetness and  
purity of tone have made THE NEW  
DEPARTURE BICYCLE BELLS  
widely known and universally appre-  
ciated. The ideal of excellence—  
The ideal of perfection. THE NEW DEPARTURE BICYCLE BELL ON  
NO. 19 Main St., BOSTON, MASS.

Good Fellows!  
Christmas Gift!  
What will do more for  
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BALTIMORE RYE

AS A PRESENT —  
TO A BOON COMPANION,  
AN INVALID FRIEND, OR  
AN AGED RELATIVE . . .

Because  
It is Pure and Cheering, it is the choice  
of Clubs, Cafés, Families.  
It is Mellow and Delightful.

Eau De N°4711  
Cologne

ORIGINAL LONG GREEN BOTTLE  
IMPORTED INTO THE U.S. SINCE 1831.

THE MOST  
Refined Perfume  
AND TO-DAY THE STANDARD  
In all Civilized Countries ~

Be sure that you get the "No. 4711"  
MÜLHENS & KROPFF - NEW YORK - U.S. AGENTS.

When you buy a bicycle, buy a good bicycle, a . . .  
Stearns Bicycle, The Yellow fellow. . .

Toronto, Ont.  
Buffalo, N. Y.  
San Francisco, Cal.

E. C. Stearns & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

Yellow  
fellow  
Year Book  
free.

AN ANALOGOUS NAME.

TRIVET—"Some persons call an air-ship a sky-cycle."

Dicer—"Well?"

Trivet—"If that is a correct term, why shouldn't an ice-wagon be called an icycle?"—*Christmas Judge*.

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"I've tried that."

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A GREAT OFFER  
For the Holidays

...BY...

Germania Wine Cellars,  
HAMMONDSPORT  
and RHEIMS, N. Y.

We are determined to introduce our goods among the very best people in the country, and we can see no better way of doing this than by selling them a case of our goods, containing eleven bottles of wine and one bottle of our extra fine, double-distilled **Grape Brandy**, at one-half its actual cost. Upon receipt of \$6.00, we will send to any reader of this paper one case of our goods, all first-class and put up in elegant style, as follows:

1 quart bottle GRAND IMPERIAL SEC CHAMPAGNE.  
1 quart bottle DELAWARE.  
1 quart bottle RIESLING.  
1 quart bottle TOKAY.  
1 quart bottle SWEET CATAWBA.  
1 quart bottle SHERRY.  
1 quart bottle MUSCAT.  
1 quart bottle ANGELICA.  
1 quart bottle PORT.  
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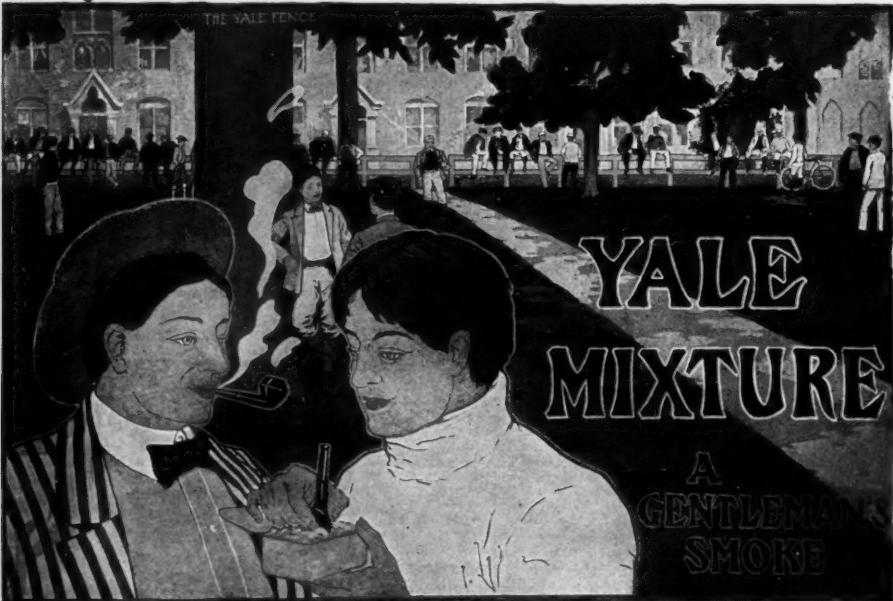
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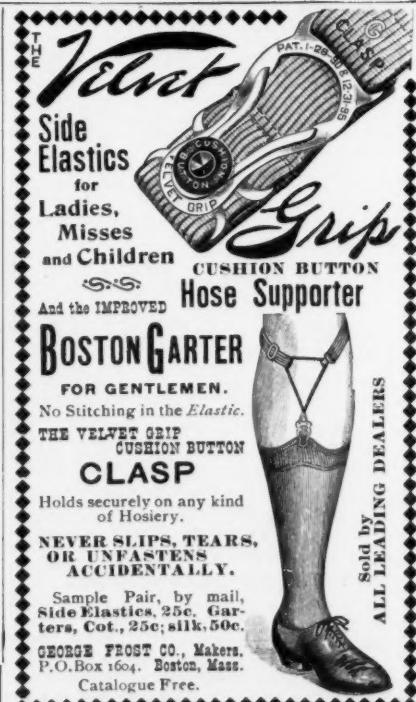
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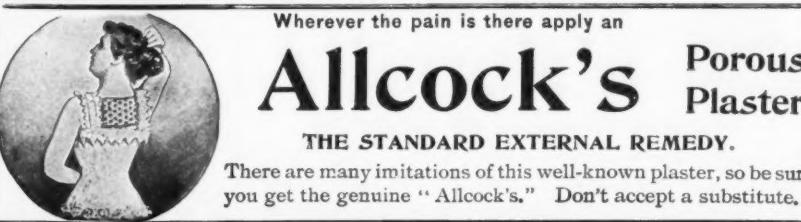
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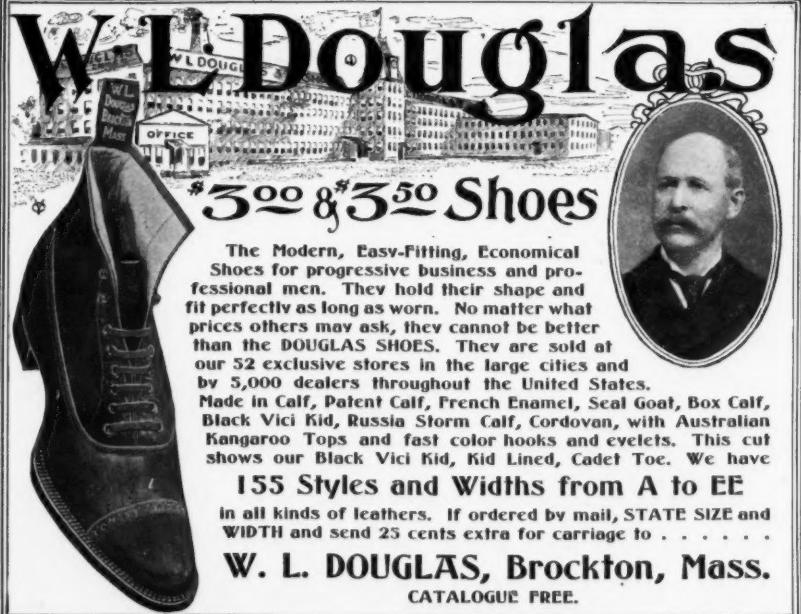
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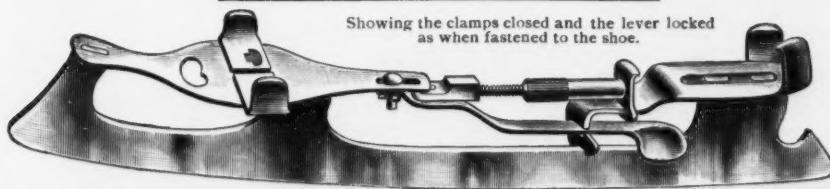
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Agents wanted in all cities and towns where we have none.

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Showing the clamps closed and the lever locked  
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We herewith present, for public test, our new **LOVELL DIAMOND CLUB SKATE**, which, after expensive and careful experiment, we offer to the trade as the peer of all Club Skates, and without a rival in the world.

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NINTH—It is **warranted in every part and guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction.** A sample pair will convince you, sent by mail, postage 40 cents extra.

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Made in 9, 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½ inch.

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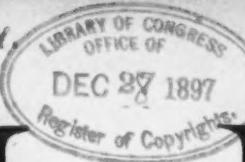
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[SEE PAGE 444]

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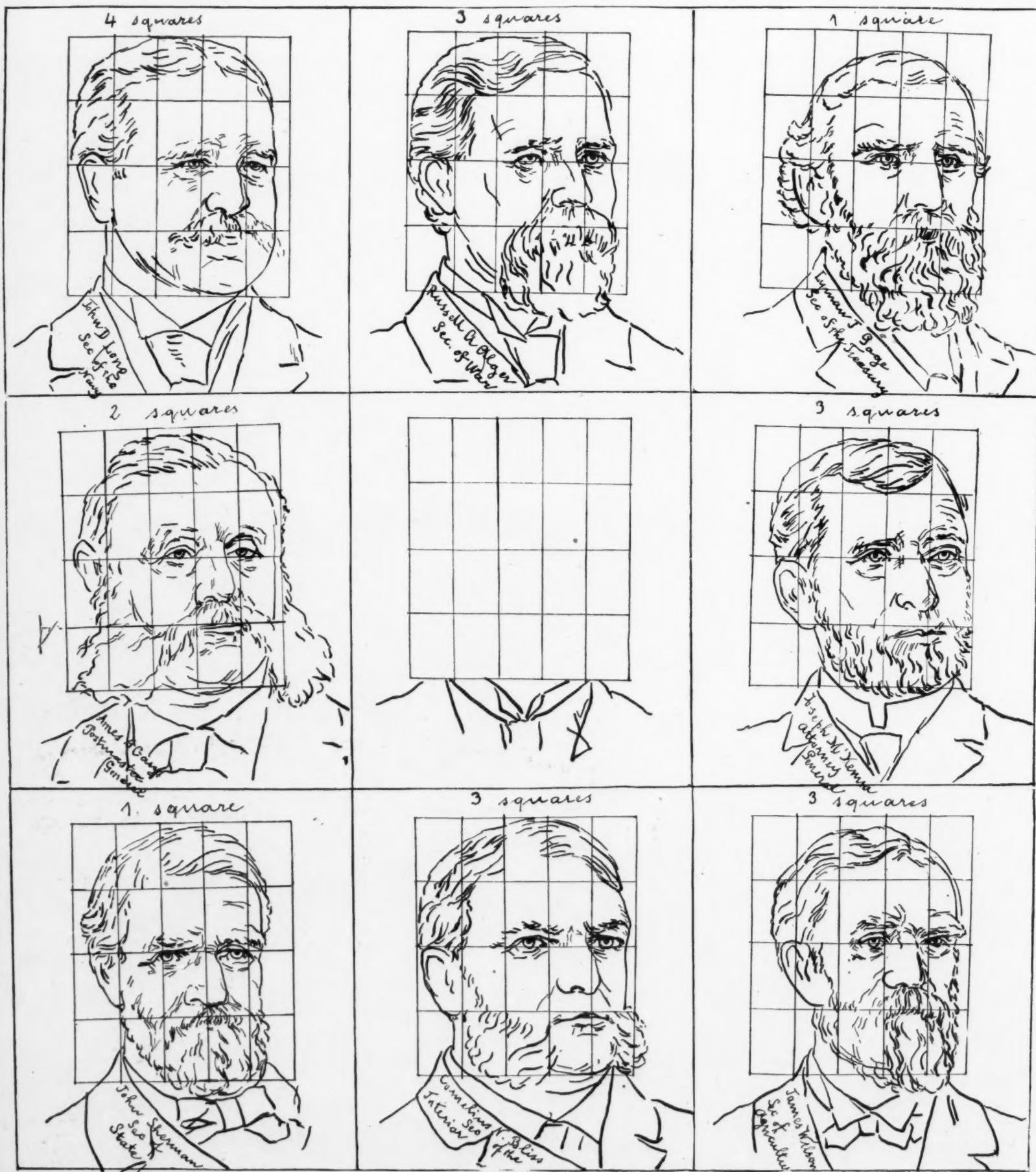
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LESLIE'S WEEKLY PUZZLE DEPARTMENT, 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

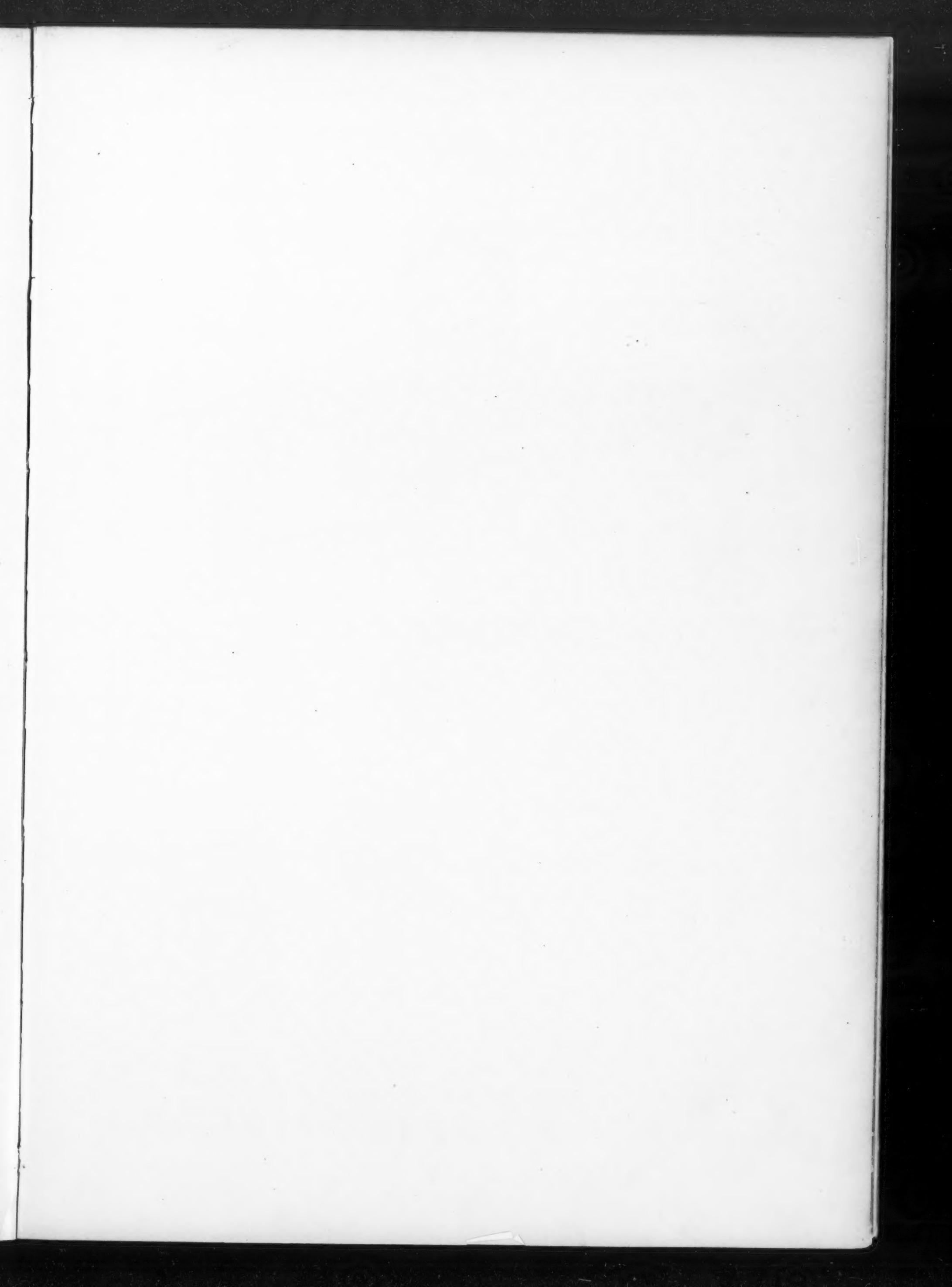


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For instance, take four squares from the picture of John D. Long, three squares from Russell A. Alger, and so on according to the number of squares specified over each picture. Extra copies of LESLIE'S WEEKLY containing the "Prosperity Puzzle" can be obtained of all newsdealers.





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